

MUST RUSSIA FIGHT HITLER?

By EUGENE LYONS

GYPSY ROSE LEE, STRIPTEASE INTELLECTUAL

By JOHN RICHMOND

JANUARY 1941

The American Mercury



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The Deadly Weasel

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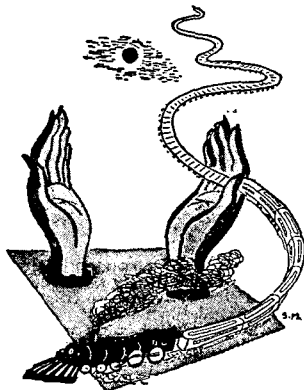
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LIVING IN GERMANY TODAY

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

IN BERLIN I saw a disabled war veteran standing in the shelter of a Wilhelmstrasse ministry entrance to escape a freezing wind. With one hand he clutched the edges of a frayed and faded overcoat; with the other he held a mouth organ to his lips and from time to time the small, thin notes of the tune he was playing could be heard above the wind. It was *Es Muss ein Stück von Himmel Sein* ("It Must Be Paradise"). I approached and offered him a mark, but he said he was not playing for money. Why, I asked, was he playing? "I'm expressing myself," he said. "I'm a philosopher."

In Vienna I joined two workmen in ragged clothes and wooden-soled shoes who were standing in front of a radio store window. Through

a loudspeaker a Prussian voice was broadcasting the latest news. In the window was a large, colored portrait of Hitler. The men looked at the dank lock and blue eyes of *der Führer* for several moments. Then one said: "Think of it, Ludwig. They expect us to die for such a king."

In Munich I was present at one of the innumerable functions organized by the Nazi Labor Front. A burly, outspoken automobile manufacturer from Silesia had arrived and was shaking hands all around when he was suddenly confronted by a snappy young Prussian of the Ribbentrop school who clicked his heels, thrust out his chin and stiffened his right arm in greeting. The manufacturer looked at him and the large party pin on

his lapel without responding. Then he said in a voice loud enough for all to hear: "Take your arm down and put that silly club pin in your pocket before someone slits open your belly." A sudden stillness; then a single voice burst into a loud laugh, and in a second everyone in the room was holding his sides and bellowing with hysterical glee.

These incidents, picked at random from thousands of similar ones in wartime Germany, reveal the thoughts and emotions of the millions who live in the Reich as distinct from the thousands who rule it by force and threats. They are the people, in a great nation fallen upon evil days.

In their conversations they refer to the Nazis as "they," to Hitler as "he," seldom mentioning either by name. Only in Vienna, which has always had a flare for the romantic, have they given the Führer a name, calling him "Dolferl," meaning "Little Adolf." Other Viennese have reversed his name for safety's sake and call him "Floda." But in Munich and Berlin, Cologne and Breslau, where "he" is better known and "they" have carried on their work for seven years, there are no diminutives; only a cautiousness chilled with fear.

The people of Germany grope

through pitch-dark streets without flashlights while "they" send huge shipments of German-made flashlights and batteries to Spain for export to South America. They make one small piece of strong soap half the size of a Palmolive cake last one month and one small stick of latherless shaving soap serve for five months, though the counters of Balkan cities are piled high with German toilet soap. They watch the young bodies of their children slowly dry up for lack of nourishment. They see their silver money become paper and their nickel coins replaced by aluminum without daring to breathe the terrifying word "inflation." They stand in queues for hours in windy streets to obtain seven pieces of candy for their children. They are glad to learn that if they are willing to eat pig's head, ears and entrails, or cow's udder and tail, they can have double the one pound of meat to which they are theoretically entitled each week, but seldom receive. Last month they learned that dogs, wolves and foxes had been added to the war-time menu.

They receive official notification that their sons have died "for Führer and Fatherland" but are not informed where they are buried, nor are they permitted to wear

mourning or to make public display of their grief. They eat pastry made of coarse flour, skimmed milk and grated carrot without sugar or any kind of shortening. They see their wives and daughters taken from their homes to work fifty-four hours a week in armaments factories. They sacrifice their bed linen for the hospitals, their copper kitchen utensils for the armaments factories, the rugs from their corridors for uniforms. They try to forget old friends and relatives whom they no longer invite to their homes because their blood is not pure Aryan. The difference between Germany and India, they whisper, is that in India one man hungers for a nation whereas in Germany a nation hungers for one man.

The people are now plunged into the second war winter, the one they were assured would never come, without even the slight reserves that helped them endure the first. Preserved fruits and vegetables have long since been consumed. The stores have sold the last tin of imported canned goods. Coffee, tea, pepper, spices, onions, lemons and oranges exist only in memory. Gnarled European apples and pears, the only native fruit that can be kept for any length of time, may be eaten only by children,

expectant mothers and invalids. Synthetic crude oil and vitamin pills derived from coal were announced at the beginning of the war, but their ineffectiveness is today apparent in every German street. The conquest of half a dozen countries gave Germans an additional egg and one-quarter pound of diluted butter each month. Otherwise it placed on the staggering Reich the burden of Europe's greatest food-deficit nations.

The only food item that is adequate is bread, the weekly ration of 5 pounds for normal consumers and $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds for laborers being more than is ordinarily needed. More remarkable than the size of the bread ration is the fact that every housewife is obliged to accept a full ration for each member of her family, although she knows they cannot possibly eat it. The government is determined to keep the stomachs of the nation filled with something, be it only black bread, and is urging housewives to use their ingenuity in producing delectable dishes out of it. The bread-consumption problem is complicated by the fact that waste of any kind is forbidden and garbage bins are regularly inspected to see that nothing is thrown away. Conse-

quently the ordinary family man is compelled not only to eat his own five pounds of bread but to assist his wife and children with theirs.

Keeping pace with the reduction in the supply of food is its deterioration in quality. The pigs of Germany are now fattened almost exclusively on the nation's garbage, which is carefully collected, boiled, pressed into cakes and distributed to the farmers. Each housewife has in her kitchen a card stating that pigs relish all kinds of food remains, but not broken glass, tin cans, paper or cigarette ends. Pork from garbage-fed pigs is spongy and watery, will not brown under any condition, tastes like wood pulp and in preparation gives off a strong stench of garbage. For Germany's poultry there is fish powder made from the boiled and pulverized remains of the northern fisheries plus tons of small fish and crustacea scooped from the teeming Baltic, cooked in huge vats, dried and powdered. Geese, ducks and chickens taste uniformly like fish and the cooked meat has the slimy consistency of a raw herring. Cabbage, the staple item of diet in Berlin, is grown principally on the endless sewage flats where the waste of the city is pumped to evaporate. Housewives have dis-

covered that while boiling, sewage-fertilized cabbage gives off a well-nigh unbearable stench, one that today is inseparably associated with wartime Berlin.

Berliners, with their characteristic humor, have given names to the things they eat that describe them more aptly than pages of words. The *ersatz* coffee, a bitter wash made of burnt grain, dried leaves, roots, acorns and chemical flavorings, is called "nigger sweat"; the pale, blue milk, from which not only the last vestige of cream but also most of the coloring matter has been removed, is called "cadaver juice"; the sodden, boiled potatoes are "four-year-plan nuggets"; the cabbage and carrot stew is "belly padder"; and the inevitable oatmeal soup that usually precedes a meal is referred to simply as "slime." Dog meat is called "blockade mutton," and cat is "roof rabbit."

The shelves of drugstores are becoming bare because cosmetics, toilet articles and even drugs are no longer available. Toilet paper is not manufactured and the newspapers, radically reduced in size to save wood, are inadequate both for news and as a substitute for toilet paper. Sanitary napkins were requisitioned at the beginning of the war for use as bandages and

none have been manufactured since. Gauze and absorbent cotton are unobtainable, and aspirin, originally a German commodity, cannot be bought.

II

Nazi calculations assumed that the human body under normal conditions possesses a sufficient reserve in vitamins to keep it going for two years on bulk food alone. The clothes-rationing authorities estimated that under normal conditions every German would have sufficient clothing for two years. Both authorities erred; conditions were not normal. Germany went to war after almost seven years of shortage, rationing and malnutrition. Unable because of depleted stocks and prohibitive prices to replenish their wardrobes, her citizens were accustomed to living with one change of clothing. They were both threadbare and hungry when the war began.

Attempting to control the clothing situation, Germany, a country with no cotton and very little wool, established a point system for rationing the available textiles in altogether inadequate quantities, but even this minimum far exceeded the supply. Each person, young or old, has been provided with a

rationing card containing 100 coupons, valid for one year. A dress, for example, costs 45 coupons, a man's suit, 60, a shirt, 20, pajamas, 30, a sweater, 30, socks, 5, silk stockings, 5. For propaganda reasons, Germans are allowed 150 coupons during the second year of war as a proof of improved economic status. Most of them were unable to find sufficient clothing during the first year for the 100 coupons they were permitted to spend, and realize that between permission to buy and the actual acquisition of the article there is a substantial difference.

Money is plentiful, so plentiful in fact that Germans, recalling another period of monetary floods, are frightened at each salary increase. Because there is nothing to buy, they are unable to spend their money except for alcohol or high living in night clubs and hotels. Savings accounts have increased 50 per cent over last year and will grow as much more during the coming year. The Nazis are financing the war with the printing press, and its costs have already passed 100 billion marks exclusive of the 90 billions spent between 1933 and 1939 for rearmament. This may be compared with the 150-billion-mark bill for the entire four years of the last war.

The people are aware of what follows unstinted spending, and their only desire is to acquire objects of real value for their money. Stories of families who have bought six vacuum sweepers or four Frigidaires, who have paid fabulous prices for oriental rugs or oil paintings are legion. The desire to buy struck the country like a mania during the first months of war, but this was soon counteracted by a refusal on the part of merchants to sell. The shopkeepers are required by law to keep their stores open so that business streets will not acquire an empty, desolate appearance, but they give up valuable goods most reluctantly. Even car dealers still keep their windows polished and a car on display, but they are not allowed to sell and no German is permitted to buy.

Cold, the brutal enemy that stalked through Europe last winter, leaving whole families frozen into grotesque clots, is again on the move. When bodies are dried up and the skin is scaly from lack of proteins, when frost accumulates on furniture and picture frames, when warm water for baths or shaving is unknown, and when the only warmth is that gained for a few hours from unwashed bodies huddled in a stifling café with the damp miasma of human breath

hanging in the frosty atmosphere, winter is a ghastly experience. With the thermometer standing at 11 below zero last winter in Vienna, coal was rationed at seven pounds weekly per family. In homes the ration was broken into marble-sized lumps which were wrapped each in a newspaper to conserve them and then fed one at a time to a single flame in the smallest room. The heat was never sufficient to take the chill off the porcelain stove. This winter Germans are officially promised 20 per cent less coal and are receiving practically none. The factories of Italy, the Balkans and Scandinavia must be kept in operation with German fuel.

As was true last winter, people in centrally heated apartments are again the prime sufferers. This is in accordance with Nazi principles of making the plutocrats, able to afford modern dwellings, take the worst rap. Even the pretense of maintaining central heating was abandoned towards the end of last winter, and radiators were requisitioned in houses throughout western Germany as scrap metal. Nor is it possible for well-to-do families to make use of an electric heater, gas stove or oil-burner, because gas and electricity are strictly rationed, fuel oil is non-existent,

and all unused stoves of any kind have long since been bought up or sent back to the smelting furnaces.

Unlike the English, people in Germany cannot choose whether to go into air-raid cellars or not. When the siren sounds, Germans must disappear underground into damp, icy cellar rooms. Newspaper assurances the next day that no planes appeared over their cities must meet with no contradictions from eyewitnesses of raids. Because Germany had no material or labor for constructing adequate shelters, the government simply ordered each house to provide its own. The largest cellar room was cleared of boxes and débris, and each tenant brought such articles of furniture and equipment as he chose for his own comfort. Less than 20 per cent of the German people have gas masks, because only a few were manufactured for propaganda purposes. This exposed situation at home explains why the Germans have not yet added gas and bacteria to their bombs in attacking England. The sandbags so laboriously placed around house entrances and cellar windows last year have long since rotted and spilt the sand into piles. There is no more burlap for bags, and in most cases the sand lies in neglected piles with weeds growing from it.

A particularly ominous aspect of the war has been the uprooting of millions of people, so that a large part of Germany's population is on the move and without any permanent residence. Independent craftsmen were ordered at a few days' notice to liquidate their shops and report for work at assigned munitions plants. Laborers were sent by the thousands to work on the Siegfried Line and with the army. The western provinces were compulsorily evacuated and the inhabitants placed in already overcrowded towns or sent to Poland. Having lost their homes, relatives and contacts as completely as did the Poles forcibly driven to the east or the Jews forced to migrate to Galicia, many Germans have acquired the frame of mind that goes with a gypsy existence. Their interest does not extend beyond food, warmth and enough alcohol to drown torturing memories. Fathers are sent from one end of the Reich to another, often secretly so that their families learn, from form-printed postcards, only where they are working. Sons are in the army or Labor Service, and correspondence with them has also largely been reduced to form postcards stating that they are alive and well.

Daughters over twenty are as-

signed to work in factories or offices without regard to place of residence. Recently the manager of a large Berlin concern was told to select sixty of his secretarial staff for work "in the east." He refused, declaring that he did not have such jurisdiction over the girls. A Nazi official then lined them up military fashion, selected the sixty, and ordered them to report the next morning equipped for hard travel. They were loaded into army trucks, and three months later had not been heard from. Girls between eighteen and twenty were conscripted to replace men on the farms. Regardless of family, training or occupation, they were sent to the country to live under most primitive conditions. Thousands deserted, and the police were sent to search for them. Since they could not return home, many went into hiding in large cities, soliciting in the streets or making their way as best they could. Many endeavored to become pregnant, hoping in this way to avoid a future terrifying to a girl accustomed to more refined living conditions.

The children are the ones who suffer most in Hitler's war of conquest. Their skin has already acquired a transparent quality familiar to those who have lived in famine-stricken areas. The veins

stand out prominently in their faces, their fingernails are purple instead of pink, and juvenile laughter and shouts are no longer heard in the streets. Many children have stopped going to school. The others plod along like the grown-ups, anxious to avoid any additional exertion after a breakfast of black bread and goose fat or pumpkin-and-apple marmalade washed down with unsweetened *ersatz* coffee. The teacher comments on the improvement in their deportment — none of the former boisterousness and noise.

At home the children enter eagerly into the game of *Schiebewurst*, or "Shoving the Wurst." A single small circle of wurst as thin as it can be cut is placed on a slice of bread thinly spread with goose fat, the idea being to shove the wurst with the tongue just before the teeth close down on each bite, and in this way to maneuver it over the diminishing slice of bread until it is finally cornered in the last bite. The effect is almost as though the entire surface of the bread were spread with overlapping slices of wurst. In the spirit of the game the children seem to forget that they are eating only black bread thinly spread with goose fat.

Home life is a thing of the past. Attendance at compulsory lectures,

enrollment in civilian aid and propaganda courses and other "must" activities have deprived Germans of their traditional evenings at home with pipe and beer and a book. Nazi leaders have arranged almost nightly community events at which attendance is obligatory. Cultured German women dread especially the occasions when they are requested to participate with illiterate workers' wives in a speaking chorus that extols the Nazi ideal in primitive couplets. Men known to be lukewarm are often asked to praise the Führer and his work in a five-minute speech. To refuse would be fatal.

More deadening to the human spirit than hunger and cold is the atmosphere of spying and guilt that the Nazi system has engendered. Because it operates on the principle of regarding everyone as a prospective saboteur, everyone lives under constant suspicion and fear. The Himmler method is to issue so many decrees that no one can escape being a lawbreaker. The shopkeeper who gives a housewife two eggs instead of one makes both himself and her liable to any penalty the system may choose to inflict. House and block inspectors, who have a key for every house and apartment under their sur-

veillance, can easily find incriminating documents or evidences of waste, because they are at liberty to look into the pantry, wardrobe or writing desk. There is a general feeling of uncertainty and an endless flood of denunciations, accusations and tattling. Those eager to advance exhibit zeal by terrorizing their neighbors and underlings. As a result, Germans have ceased talking even of their troubles and the makeshifts resorted to in communicating with friends are at times both ludicrous and pathetic.

III

Will the people continue to take it? Yes, until, like horses driven too hard, they finally collapse and die. They have lost the spirit of resistance. Dr. Ley has emphasized to them repeatedly that the home front is no less a military front than the one held by the troops. That casualties will occur on the home front is to be taken for granted. A soldier facing the enemy does not think of refusing to serve fifteen or even twenty hours a day, and the same law applies to the home-front soldier at the lathe or in the mine. Those who die under the strain are carted off and others take their places.

Nazi authorities have admitted that the war will cost Germany an entire generation of workers. To stress the military nature of the German home front, Dr. Ley has eliminated time-clocks, bells and whistles in industry and has replaced them with bugles.

The question of morale is not important. The Nazi régime reasons that morale and the power of control operate in inverse ratio. A sufficient corps of alert Gestapo and SS agents obviates the need for morale. Standards of production are set, punishment is meted out to those who do not fulfil them, rebels are unceremoniously shot, and the work goes on. Morale was dispensed with in Czechoslovakia, and methods sufficiently terroristic and brutal have actually resulted in the Czech factories' working practically at par to support the Nazi war effort. When Polish conscripted laborers sent down into German mines refused to work, their families in Poland were shot; then the men themselves were shot with the Poles intended as their successors looking on. Since then, forced Polish labor has kept the coal production up to the required level.

Sabotage occurs, but not the kind that can be singled out for punishment. A type of spiritual

lethargy has settled over the nation. Unable to sell or make a profit, shopkeepers take no interest in keeping up appearances. As shelves become empty, they are left to accumulate dust. Janitors no longer keep their house fronts spick and span. Waiters in the restaurants are indifferent and surly. Complaints are always answered with a shrug and "What can we do about it? Why don't you tell Goering?" Orders are often deliberately confused, which causes irritation and loss of time. Mistakes in deliveries have become the rule. Trams and busses are wrecked with astounding frequency in the blackout.

More subtle acts of sabotage can also be detected. A dealer in oriental rugs in Berlin hung his most beautiful rug in his show window, and in the center of it he placed a gaudy colored portrait of Hitler in a cheap aluminum frame. The result was frightful to behold. The dealer explained that the Nazis were too ignorant to perceive any incongruity and that the other people would probably derive some amusement from his arrangement. A corset shop in Vienna emptied its show window of everything except a single brassière and the inevitable portrait of Hitler. But the brassière was suspended in

front of the portrait in such a manner that it appeared as though the Führer were wearing it. Accidental? By no means. "Better than next week," is the invariable reply to the question, "How is business?"

The keynote of Year II of World War II was expressed by the official SS organ, *Schwarzes Korps*. "Every attempt," it wrote, "to weaken the conviction of victory in the people and army, every attempt to deprive our material preparation for victory of even a piece of bread or a single bullet will be quenched in the blood of the guilty one." The spirit of the miserable millions spoke in the bitter words of a German business man whose attention I called to the prevalence of sallow faces and dandruff in present-day Germany. "When they shoot you because you can't go on any longer," he said, "or when a bomb blasts you to smithereens, or you are left hanging in the barbed wire with a bayonet through your guts, does it make any difference whether your cheeks were rosy and your hair was clean?"



DEMIGOD

BY SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

His shadow lies across a shaken world,
His word is chaos crying at the door;
But when the flags of bitterness are furled
And men return to quietness once more,
His voice and those who echo it will go
Unheard, unheeded, in the larger plea
Of those who ask no triumph but to know
Their heritage, and find equality.

Then he will be remembered if at all
As one who conquered for a little hour
And rode with hard assurance to his fall
Swollen with might and insolent with power —
And those who lauded him as god and king
Will bow their heads in shame, remembering.

► In the October issue Channing Pollock wrote
"Why I Don't Go to Church." Now read

WHY I GO TO CHURCH

BY ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

I AM for the churches. I am surprised by that fact, because six months ago, I scoffed at them. But one day last Spring I went into a church, on a sudden whim. Since then I have been going steadily, first out of curiosity to see what the much-attacked churches are up to, lately out of rising excitement. I have not "got religion"; I always had that. But lately I have found out that church and religion go together. That to me was news.

One Sunday morning last May, the newspaper offered me this: "Rotterdam is blazing in several parts. The water tower is on fire, and the water supply interrupted. Ships are burning at the piers. Shooting is heard constantly up and down every street." That was the morning I happened into a church, for the first time in twenty-two years. And what did the church offer me? A simple, reverent service, featured by a sermon on "Peter, The Rock," on the permanence and the beauty of the conception of the Church.

Now, I was not at all interested

in the Church, but I found I was acutely interested in hearing about something — anything — that had permanence and beauty and moral value and unselfish endeavor. It just happened to fall on my spirit like water on a desert, and I went out, grateful to the Reverend Charles W. Todd, and stirred with surprise about churches. A week later, I took my curiosity to another local church, and heard the Reverend Arthur Ketcham, in a singularly lovely building, talk simply and beautifully on "The Ascending Life." Without a trace of sanctimonious heroics, he conversed informally about the insistent demand of life to rise, to grow, to improve itself. It was adult, it was spiritual; and it was helpful to me, personally.

Since then, as business and vacation travel took me about the country, I have made it a point to visit and study the churches, all kinds, Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Baptist, Congregational, Jewish, and others. I have collected and

read over 300 of this year's sermons. I have sorted out the leading churches in each denomination, and questioned them on what made them vital in their communities. Now I state with assurance that the critics of the churches today don't know what they are talking about. The only qualification to that broad statement is the admission that a minority of churches do still offer a dull, repellent form of salvation, some in ugly buildings, some with painful music, some with humdrum ministers. So what? You don't have to go to those churches. Neither do you have to condemn all churches because some fail. Some banks still fail, but we don't assault them all for that.

It is a suggestive fact that the assailants of churches do not go to church. It is perfectly obvious from their attacks. They don't know what churches are doing these days. I suspect the harshness of their attacks sometimes springs from a remote sense of guilt; they rationalize what is really laziness into a superior intellectual attitude. That is what I used to do, anyway. But now I am for the churches because I went seeking a vague something, and found it. I am for them because they have something for me, and because

they have something for civilization. What if they do fall short of their extraordinarily high goal? Can you name any other human organization which has dared set so high a goal? Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, one of the clearest voices I have ever heard, says:

Let God be thanked, there is on earth an institution that has a high opinion of man, declaring that he is in some sense a son of God who has within himself divine possibilities; an institution that transcends every division of race and nation and class and has set before it the welfare of all mankind; an institution which is loyally undertaking to embody the spirit of Christ, and in his name to relieve human suffering, promote human welfare, and carry on a ministry of reconciliation among men.

I find myself unable any longer to answer that kind of platform with "I'd rather go into the woods and worship alone. Many clergymen are dull, concerned over trivial taboos. Anyway, Sunday is my day for loafing."

II

Time and again, I have found in a church something which lifted my spirit. That, I now believe, was what I was unconsciously seeking. The social activities of the churches mean nothing to me, though they do to countless other folk. Those activities are legion in number,

astounding in range, from swimming teams and sewing circles to public forums and foreign missions. That's all right; if people find their club and social outlets in their churches, so much the better. Those people get what they seek; so do I.

On lower Fifth Avenue in New York, there is the beautiful Church of the Ascension. Its great wooden doors open outward, but they are carved on the *inside* because they are never closed, day or night, and so only the inside of the doors is ever seen. Every year, over 30,000 persons go into that church during the night hours, from seven to seven, for a moment of quiet meditation. They get what they seek.

In the remote hamlet of Jonesville, Virginia, near the Kentucky line, there is an annual four-day prayer meeting, an institution that has lived for over a century. The day I attended, there were 2000 people in and around the great open shed. Men, women, children, earnest and devout. Revival stuff? No. Simple, direct Christianity. Love thy neighbor stuff. Good stuff. These people come from hundreds of miles around; they get what they seek.

The Dominican Sisters at Corpus Christi Church in New York con-

ducted in their church school last year a "project" in tolerance. Not an attack on intolerance, but a positive, laboratory experiment in tolerance. I always thought religious orders were intrinsically intolerant; but there was a demonstration, operated and managed by Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant children, which raised a sudden wild flurry of hope in my heart: if human beings can do this sort of thing, we'll get this world fixed right yet!

The thing is, a church is a place where you should go to seek something. Go, looking for positive value. You can not go like an empty bucket, waiting passively to be filled. When you go to a movie, you take at least a sympathetic, hopeful attitude. That's the least you should bring to a church. Sunday after Sunday, I have seen congregations of 1000 and 1500 people, apparently getting whatever value they sought. Church attendance, by the way, is bigger than skeptics think, and since last spring, it has shown definite signs of increasing. In the "successful" churches, between a third and a quarter of the total membership attend such services.

Why are some churches powers in the community, while some are not? The leading factor is the per-

sonality of the clergyman. The clergy themselves give this as the most important reason. It is more true of Protestant churches than of Catholic churches. Insofar as it is true, it explains why many churches do not rise much above the level of their communities. Churches are human institutions, clergymen are human beings, and as such they are not all great spiritual leaders. When they are, and they are often, they manage to make your relations with God an astonishingly practical, useful, alluring thing.

It is not all the clergyman, however. A free pulpit policy has a definite appeal to the public; they like the chance to hear a wide range of visiting talent. The tradition of a church is another intangible appeal, if it is a tradition of active service in the community. Increasingly and fortunately, the quality of church music is being recognized as vital; in general, it is the worst of the present church features I have observed. Architecture and appearance count, too, as not a few churchgoers have testified to me.

But inevitably, the sermon stands out as the most influential factor. Most of them are surprisingly good, on high levels, and useful. Channing Pollock says no one can

deliver a "vital address" as often as a clergyman must; true, but why therefore miss as many vital addresses as he does deliver? Mr. Pollock also says the sermons are remote from world affairs. Almost half of those I have heard and read interpret world affairs from the Christian viewpoint. A third of them are concerned with the teachings of the Gospel exclusively, regardless of world affairs. And one in ten shows concern over the shortcomings of churches, revealing intelligent self-criticism which Mr. Pollock has missed.

III

As to the sermons, one can almost lay it down as a maxim that the successful churches are those whose clergymen set forth the most uncompromising Christianity, in the sense of sticking closest to Christ's difficult but challenging teaching. That, in the last analysis, is the only asset the church has. The more vigorously any church proclaims it, the more people respect and trust and follow that church.

What I have liked most about going to church is that it turns one's attention, willy-nilly, to higher things for at least a little while each week. That feels, to me, as though it were good for me.

Man, as a matter of fact, does not live by bread alone; he does require some cultivation of the spirit. Even when I have wandered into a church I didn't like, where the minister was dull, the music bad, the interior ugly, I have been compelled by my very presence there to think about things which are unquestionably loftier than my daily affairs. Sometimes I have thought about them in spite of the church; more often, I have found a church with something I wanted.

As soon as you go looking for the good things about churches, you find them in all the denominations. Even regular churchgoers are unconcerned over denominational differences, as a sample poll indicated. In this discussion, I deliberately omit identification of any church by its denomination. It is an element of no value to anyone except the great denominational organizations. There seems little value in those organizations; they meet in annual convention and ponder most of the time on orthodoxy and form, while the life of the nation goes on around them, untouched. Where the churches are alive is where they touch the people. There they serve the individual, and civilization as well.

In a world haunted by violence,

churches do their human best to represent the spirit. I am warmly grateful for that when I am in a church. It is not without significance that the two nations in the world today which are officially anti-church are the nations of Communism and Naziism. It is not without meaning that the nations where the churches flourish are the democracies, where the spirit of man is free. It seems entirely possible that the democratic way will not overcome the totalitarian way until and unless the democracies somehow crusade under the banner of the church. I do not mean that the churches should enlist in war or condone bloodshed; I mean that we cannot defeat the destructive dynamics of Naziism and Communism unless we employ the constructive dynamics of the spirit. William Penn said, "Men must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants." The world today is his witness.

"To love God," says the *First Church Pulpit* of Evanston, Illinois, "is to believe, in spite of every appearance to the contrary, that slavery and war and crippling poverty can be banished from the earth and that conditions favorable to the highest development of the human spirit can, on earth, be created." That is extraordinarily

practical Christianity. In fact, I can not distinguish it from the democratic ideal in action. Can you? Listening to that, I find myself simply unable to say, as I used to, that I would rather do my worshipping alone and that Sunday is my day for loafing.

It is an exciting spiritual adventure, this churchgoing on a broad scale. Try it. Pay no attention to denomination. Never mind what church you were brought up in. Just out of the curiosity you owe your spiritual health, explore

around a little. You will almost surely find, in every community, one church that will give you what *you* want, even if you can't put that want into words. Whether or not we realize it, each of us has a personal spiritual quest. It is only ourselves we cheat if we ignore it. In this, of all ages, it is time we were about that quest. I find the churches a good place in which to pursue it. If the churches offered nothing but that, they would now require to be upheld by all men of intelligence and good will.



GREEN REGIONS

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

WHOSE green land this is I think I know.
Blood is still a strong and restless compass;
It points directions and limits by its slow,
Possessive beat. My body stands on grass,
And the sensitive pulse says this is mine.
The shining rock is welded to my hand,
My spirit reaches toward the moving pine;
This is my breath that swells within the land.
The blood is the traveler's only guide,
A richly charted map within his veins;
When stars black out and continents slide,
This is the accurate compass that remains.
So in uncertain lands with a hostile race,
I chart green regions on a barren place.

► *The "mystery" of Stalin's role in the war is mostly in the observers' minds.*

MUST RUSSIA FIGHT HITLER?

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE pattern of Soviet Russia's behavior in the current war has become fairly familiar. First comes a flurry or a storm, as the case may be, of inspired rumors that Führer Stalin and Comrade Hitler have come to the parting of their ways. In the interval of hope which follows, press and radio commentators announce the "inevitable" rupture of Nazi-Soviet relations and stress the notion that Russia cannot "afford" a Hitler victory; democratic statesmen in London, Washington and elsewhere hastily renew their "wooing" of the Kremlin; and the coy Muscovites exploit the uncertainty to get some ships or machine tools released or win some other advantage for Germany. Finally Stalin consummates some new treachery in Hitler's interest while remaining sanctimoniously "neutral." For a while thereafter everybody is indignant and unhappy—until the next cycle of illusion, confusion and disillusion.

Consider the occasions when expectation of a Stalin-Hitler smash-

up echoed through the press and the chancelleries: Germany's invasion of Poland, Russia's grab in the three Baltic republics, the Soviet "liberation" of Finland, the Bolshevik seizure of Bessarabia, the Nazi occupation of Rumanian areas, the conclusion of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Pact. Prophets of Russia's coming double-cross of the Reich were certain, in each of these crises, that the end of the beautiful friendship was imminent. Russia, they said, was obviously maneuvering for strategic "protection" against the Nazi onslaught. Unfortunately the bankruptcy of these hopes, one after the other, has failed to curb the virulence of each new outbreak of optimism.

In retrospect it is clear that all Russian moves were neatly coordinated with German moves, in substance if not in detail. Either they were pay-offs for Soviet consent to new crimes or parts of a joint crime. Even the Kremlin's costly adventure in Finland—the most impressive of the supposed

threats to Nazi-Soviet collaboration — looks in perspective like what it unquestionably was: a segment of the prearranged Russo-German encirclement of Scandinavia. According to the believing brethren the fall of France would alarm Stalin into sabotaging his Western neighbor. It only intensified Soviet-Nazi cooperation. At this writing Russia is supposedly scared by German intrusion in the Near East at one end and by Japanese adhesion to the Axis at the other end. Scared or not, it is far more likely that Russia will round out the familiar pattern by supporting Hitler and Hitler's allies in both spheres.

Comrade Molotov's demonstrative hegira to the Mecca of fascism is a guarantee of that. The journalistic pretense that the Soviet Premier made the trip to "negotiate" with Hitler is nonsense. Comrade Molotov is a politician of extremely small bore whom Stalin would scarcely trust to order a dinner, let alone ordering the future of Eurasia. It was all a piece of showmanship to impress the Balkan nations and Turkey with the earnestness and permanence of the German-Soviet partnership. Molotov's visit was simply Stalin's contribution to Germany's Mediterranean diplomacy.

The "mystery" of Russia is less in the policies of that country than in the minds and emotions of observers in the democratic nations. Moscow's guarantee of safety on one frontier enabled Germany to precipitate the Second World War. From the moment the Hitler-Stalin alliance was sealed, Moscow's great agitational apparatus — the Communist International and its solar system of fellow-traveling organizations — was streamlined to meet the needs of Dr. Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda. The correlation between Nazi and Bolshevik policies in all belligerent and neutral nations has been complete and perfect. At every stage in the military and diplomatic game Moscow has backed up Berlin's play by acting or refraining from action. Its economic aid to the Reich, it is true, has been disappointing to the Germans, but the sad economic picture inside Russia is proof that this is not a matter of choice to the Kremlin. The fact that Russia has been obliged to raise the price of bread twice since the war started, and the detailed reports of a bogged-down Soviet transportation system, are indices to that picture.

Now, had we been dealing with Patagonia, there would have been no "mystery" about where it

stood under similar conditions. We would have said, "Sure, one of these days Patagonia, like Italy, may divorce the Nazi Reich. But their marital life at present and for the predictable future is not only amicable but positively happy. Certainly we must assume that theirs is a solid working partnership. Patagonia's occasional flirtation with the enemy or powerful neutrals has never reached the point of infidelity, and on the whole, it helps stock the totalitarian economic and diplomatic larders." But because we are dealing with Russia, so long the focus of many men's dreams and nightmares, common sense is ruled out, the obvious turns "enigmatic," and thinking is tangled in false hopes.

It is my contention that the Russo-German collaboration is as reliable as any of the alliances extant, if only because it rests on genuine mutual self-interest. Far from wanting a speedy collapse of Nazi military power, I am convinced, the Soviet rulers regard it as their protection and their instrument of Soviet expansion. The destruction of the British Empire and of Anglo-Saxon world dominance is an enterprise in which Stalin is as deeply and as "honestly" involved as Hitler, Mussolini and the Japanese militarists. Nothing

less than an impending defeat of the principal partner, Germany, could break up the combination.

II

The popular notion, sedulously propagated by wishful-thinking experts, is that the Soviet Union is waiting on the sidelines of the war in an impatient crusading spirit. As soon as European civilization caves in or a "revolutionary wave" sweeps through the world, Stalin will presumably rush forward with his precious gifts of Bolshevism.

That notion is pure fantasy. It derives from assumptions which lost validity years before the war started. The Kremlin has done everything it could to prove that it is interested in neither world revolution nor any other such "bourgeois romantics." It is interested in retaining and fortifying the political power of the Stalin clique. They have invested years of diligent and gory effort in killing off the last remaining preachers of those old-fashioned and sentimental ideas. When the Red Army moved into Bessarabia and Dobruja, a few local communists, taking their revolutionary slogans literally, hastened to seize banks and other institutions. The Soviet invaders promptly put them up

against a wall and shot them. Similar naïve outbreaks of revolutionism occurred in the Baltic cities. These enthusiasts — like so many statesmen and commentators — failed to understand that the only brand of revolution Moscow will tolerate is the kind it can deliver from outside at the point of Red bayonets. It has as little use for hotheads and agitators abroad as at home, where they are being blotted out as counter-revolutionaries.

No one knows better than the Moscow specialists in social excavation that a European collapse would not stop miraculously at the frontiers of the Soviet domain. It would be likely to suck Russia into its vortex. The laws of physics would see to that — Russia being the area where inner tensions are strongest, the foundation of popular loyalties weakest, the vibrations of discontent and deep resentment most pervasive. A real revolutionary upheaval, a social explosion from the depths, would engulf Russia more quickly and more completely than any other Eurasian nation. The despairs long held in check by a police regime would break loose, to merge themselves with the despairs and hopes of a continent in revolt.

I am not asserting that this is

what would actually happen — no man in his senses can pretend to prophesy. I do believe, however, that this is the vision of doom prominently before the mind's eye of Russia's masters. Assurances of political pundits to the contrary notwithstanding, the Stalin bureaucracy does not want general chaos, but fears it even more than other ruling classes do. Precisely because it is less sure of itself, it can least afford to face mass upheavals. In the past, revolutionary waves have been no respecters of national boundaries. In 1848, in 1870, in 1917-18, social spasms pulsed from one country to the other, upsetting economic and political dynasties. The Soviet regime has every reason to shudder at the prospect of a general upset. It is no longer a dynamic revolutionary instrument. It is an instrument of suppression in the grip of a new class — a few million bureaucrats, police officials, privileged industrial leaders — and that new upper class is primarily concerned with its own survival.

It has every logical and emotional reason for dreading a mass reaction against dictatorship, a powerful democratic impulse, anywhere in its vicinity. It feels infinitely safer within the rigid framework of a totalitarian Eurasia, on a foundation of terrorized

and cowed masses, in an atmosphere of intellectual militarization. It feels infinitely safer, that is to say, in a Europe and Asia built in its own image.

Naïve tourists have mistaken the surface calm and the ubiquitous icons of Stalin as proofs of national unity and loyalty to the Soviet government. They forget that it is a calm maintained by holding at least 5,000,000 Russians in prison camps, by a Secret Service apparatus against which the Tsars' seems child's play, by blood purges that have taken at least 100,000 lives (chiefly in the Communist Party and Red Army ranks!) in the last five years. After twelve years of semi-starvation, systematic oppression and fearful sacrifices, Stalin can scarcely retain any sense of reliance on his own people. For all the risks involved, he is obliged to rely on outsiders if possible. As junior partner in a prosperous and disciplined "New Order" such as Hitler is constructing, Stalin and his associates will feel far more at ease than as an island of dictatorship and police terror in a relatively free and democratic world.

True, the partnership may entail a high price. The Nazis are greedy. But those hazards are small compared to the hazards of a world in violent reaction against authori-

tarian government. It is easier to bargain with fellow dictators, who speak your moral and mental language. Besides, the whole undertaking is based on the fervid expectation of a shattered British Empire, collapsed Dutch and French Empires, perhaps even a splintered Western Hemisphere to divide among the triumphant partners. There should be enough loot to go around without need for fighting among themselves.

III

Soviet Russia's anomalous four-year "democratic" and "anti-fascist" period is to blame for much of the muddled thinking about Stalin's policies. It must be recalled that for all their bloody battles, the Nazis and German communists fought *together* against the Weimar Republic. They hated each other much less than they hated their common enemy, German democracy. After Hitler came to power, the Kremlin did its best to come to terms with him, even as it had done with fascism in Italy. A full year after the Nazis took over control, Stalin spoke these words at a Moscow conference:

Of course, we are far from being enthusiastic about the fascist regime in

Germany. But fascism is not the issue here, if only for the reason that fascism, for example in Italy, did not prevent the USSR from establishing very good relations with that country.

The startling reversal in Soviet foreign policy, its new "democratic" orientation of Popular Fronts, membership in the League of Nations, etc., came only after Hitler had rejected these "very good relations." It was a line of policy forced upon Russia by the Germans and one to which Stalin never reconciled himself. It went painfully against the grain of Soviet thinking and Soviet feeling. Walter Krivitsky, Alexander Barmine and other of Stalin's ex-agents and ex-diplomats have told us in some detail how persistently he labored for an understanding with Hitler. The understanding finally was achieved in August, 1939, because Hitler was ready for it. But *Hitler could have had it at any time in the preceding years for the asking*. Under Moscow's hope for a Nazi *rapprochement* there had been the logical and natural yearning for a united front of dictatorships: the only kind of united front that held any validity for the most totalitarian of all the totalitarian nations.

Having obtained it at long last, Stalin is decidedly unlikely to relinquish its fruits. Tensions and

quarrels and mutual threats there may be between Russia and Germany, as between partners in any business. But they would be on territorial or economic grounds, not on ideological grounds, and hence easily open to compromise. Meanwhile the common enemy — "Anglo-American capitalistic plutocracy" is the description favored by both Moscow and Berlin — must be beaten. If Hitler should be menaced, he could reasonably count on Stalin's helping hand, as Stalin counts on his. And that includes, in both countries, internal as well as outside menaces.

The routine assumption by routine news experts is that a strong and victorious Germany must turn on Russia. Actually, it is more reasonable to assume that a weak or beaten Germany might do so — to regain prestige, to win friends in democratic nations, to find some new outlet for its ambitions. Anyone halfway familiar with Nazi political literature must be aware of a profound difference between the Hitler brand of imperialism and the older variety — a difference significant in understanding the relations between the Third Reich and its totalitarian collaborators. The keyword in old types of imperialism was "occupation." A stronger nation took over a

weaker — took it over physically — and proceeded to administer and exploit it. The keyword of the Nazi imperialism scheme is “co-ordination.” A country or region which has a government, a moral atmosphere and an economic system congenial to the new Germany may remain “independent,” yet become a part of the new German empire. A France or Norway with a Nazi type of political setup, its economy dovetailed into Germany’s, will be in no danger of German occupation. That, it seems to me, is the quintessence of the “New Order” planned by the Nazis. Moreover, it fits neatly into the “New Order for Asia” planned by Japanese authoritarians.

Under this plan the new Reich, if successful, would need viceroys or *Gauleiter* in other parts of the area under its sway. Mussolini would be a suitable viceroy in the Mediterranean. Japan would exercise the viceregal functions in the Pacific world. The Stalin regime would be a perfect instrument for holding the Russian area — possibly a far larger area than at present — in subjection and coordinating it with Germany. In all these countries, of course, Nazi specialists in economy or in political discipline would be available if needed.

There is nothing that Germany wants in Russia which it could not have in ample measure on the friendly, collaborative basis implicit in the new imperialism, as sketched by Hitler, by Rosenberg, by Dr. Rauschning out of Hitler’s mouth. Why send in the Gestapo to keep the Ukrainians in harness when the GPU does a creditable job of it? With manufactured goods flowing from the Reich, the Kremlin may be well content to drop the more pretentious and disastrous phases of its industrialization, concentrating on raw materials and food production.

The more the totalitarian partners can seize from the “inventory of the British Empire,” the less reason they will have for squabbling. There is little that Russia, for instance, covets in the Balkans which it would not gladly surrender for the richer prizes in the Near and Middle East. The territory in dispute between Russia and Japan is negligible against the prizes open to them both in China, and to Japan in the Dutch and French Empires. Already the Chinese communists have diverted their propaganda fire from “fascism” to “Anglo-American imperialism,” and I should not be at all surprised if Chiang Kai-shek is soon attacked in communist papers as a “White

Guardist" and "tool of British imperialism," like General Mannerheim before him. The democracies delude themselves when they assume that the division of the world into spheres of influence under a New Order is make-believe. It is a division which Germany may be expected to support because it will need to have its new empire consolidated under *Gauleiter* best equipped to do so.

Besides, those who try to judge the situation in terms of "Russia's interests" unavoidably go off on a tangent. Not Russia's interests, but the interests of Russia's new ruling clique are what matters. To demonstrate that a powerful Germany may be a brake on Russia's national ambitions proves exactly nothing, when that brake serves as a guarantee of survival for Stalin. Territorial concessions to Hitler probably will not be necessary. But even if they were, it would not seem an excessive price for safety to the man who did not hesitate to decapitate Russia's army in a time of international crisis.

Why, therefore, has Russia remained "neutral"? The answer is twofold:

1. Russia's benevolent neutrality has been exceedingly useful to Germany in a variety of ways. It has enabled the communist propa-

ganda machine to operate more effectively. Stalin's propaganda was vastly more helpful in overthrowing France than Mussolini's military contribution. If Russia were openly in the war, it could not be a hundredth part as effective in anti-defense activities in the United States, in the furious campaign against "Yankee imperialism" in Latin America, and so on. Everywhere propaganda *from the Left* brings results where direct Nazi propaganda might not. Russia's benevolent neutrality enables it to muddy the diplomatic waters, to bring confusion and the fevers of hope followed by disillusion into the councils of the democracies. And of course, it makes it possible for Russia to foil the blockade and to do other economic and diplomatic chores for the Axis.

2. The Russian military machine is too weak to venture a test of major warfare, even as an ally of powerful Germany. The modest Finnish undertaking reduced the country to an economic shambles, with the railroads in confusion, the food situation more critical than ever, all life disorganized. Stalin was able to smother the Finns with Russian corpses and in the end Germany had to pull him out of the adventure in a compromise with little Finland.

A real war on an extended frontier, employing all the instruments of modern conflict, is too great a risk — a greater risk than Hitler would care to have Russia take. Moscow therefore is giving Hitler full measure of those things which it *can* give, and being more helpful to its ally than the world has as yet realized.

Such, I am confident, is the logic of Stalin's position. Many things may occur to tear Russia out of the totalitarian line-up, just as events may detach Italy from the partnership. But the underlying design is there, for all but the self-deluded

to see. Washington and London would do better for themselves and for the world if they accepted the reality and treated Russia as a *de facto* member of the Axis. If ever it breaks away from the Axis, it will surely not be because of our gestures of appeasement. It will be because of irresistible pressures. The periodical "wooing" of Russia is a waste of affection. It is based on false assumptions. It is mischievous in that it gives Stalin and Hitler scope for diplomatic maneuvering and Russia, in particular, the fruits of neutrality with none of its obligations.



WAR HAS ITS DAY

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

WAR has its day. Each generation knows
 The stricken field, the city sacked by fire,
 Its crawling refugees, the child that goes
 With cannon-lighted eyes from pyre to pyre,
 Cathedrals packed with worshipers too late
 To summon God above the battles' thunder;
 No sea, but in due time, has borne the weight
 Of blood upon its waters, men sucked under.
 So it has always been. But, warring done,
 Child that he is, man will return at last
 Shame-faced and prodigal, and once again
 As though at some new wonder from the east,
 Bewildered, stare upon a sparrow's wing,
 A snowdrop pressing at the heart of spring.

THE SECESSION OF JONES COUNTY

BY CRADDOCK GOINS

SOMEWHERE in the land of the Leaf River in Mississippi lies the grave of Newt Knight. Few people know its whereabouts. Few remember he ever lived. He had been dead three weeks, in 1922, before the local newspapers found it out. Yet Newt Knight had made history. He had founded the only republic that ever existed within the republic of the United States. A short-lived, makeshift, diminutive nation it was, to be sure. But its tiny area and brief duration do not detract from Captain Knight's colorful record; rather, they add an intriguing touch of grotesqueness to the color.

The Free State of Jones which the captain founded and headed is the only county ever to secede from a country. Its conduct, indeed, amounted to a double-barreled rebellion, since Jones seceded from the Southern secessionists, as it were. His followers were as bitterly opposed to leaving the Union as other Mississippians were to remaining in it. His "nation" was never recognized. The republic of

Jones is on no map of that or any subsequent time. Even Abraham Lincoln's official Washington never heard of it. Few Union army leaders knew of it. But the Confederate High Command knew plenty about Captain Knight, his intransigent county and his strange army — an army never conquered.

His was not an empty title. Its honor might be questionable to some, but not to Captain Knight and his followers. No member of his band was ever ashamed of the little war within a war he conducted. His independent conscience left a tradition that still prevails. That county is popularly known yet as the Free State of Jones, although it remains a routine part of Mississippi.

Mix the elements of a free spirit, a laughing contempt for danger, a steady aim and a bold heart and you have something. You have Captain Newt Knight, six feet of silent, savage manhood. He was one of America's early rugged individualists. He inherited fearlessness in thought, speech and action from

a colorful backwoods ancestry. His people were free from set rules of convention. They went to church without shoes; to worship they carried guns for any game that might pop up. There was little wealth, very few slave-holders. The exploits of Captain Knight have given rise to the idea that his people were lawless. The opposite is true. They had a rough-hewn system of justice, but they needed little system. Crime was so rare that circuit court rarely lasted more than a day.

Jones County was almost unanimously against secession. Owning no slaves, the backwoodsmen were bitterly opposed to what they termed "a planters' war." They held a mass meeting at the courthouse at Ellisville. Two candidates ran for delegate to the secession convention. J. M. Bayliss was in favor of withdrawing from the Union. J. D. Powell opposed secession. Powell was overwhelmingly elected. It is not likely that the citizens of Jones felt that their opposition would carry much weight. If Powell had not broken faith there probably would have been no revolt against the Confederacy. But he did. The county was astounded to learn that its anti-secessionist representative had voted with the tide for withdrawing from the Union.

The Jonesites were thoroughly aroused. They expressed free, unflattering thoughts about Delegate Powell. They hanged and burned his body in effigy. They eagerly discussed plans for a warm personal reception. But though Mr. Powell might have been weak in the faith, there was nothing wrong with his mind. He didn't return. Jones citizens sullenly watched their state prepare for war. They contributed three full companies to the Confederacy, as also the greater part of four other companies formed just over their borders, but there were many desertions. One deserter was Jasper Collins. He swore and damned he would not "fight for men staying at home having a good time." He had no slaves, wanted no slaves.

Then Newt Knight came upon the scene. In this tall, resolute farmer, Collins found just the inspiration needed. In 1862 Collins and Knight organized an "army," and declared the county independent from the Confederacy. The army never numbered more than 125 men. Knight was elected captain, Collins first lieutenant, W. M. Sumrall second lieutenant. Federal officials at Vicksburg authorized Collins to give his men the oath of allegiance. Confederate forces under General Robert Lowry were

sent to put down the rebellion. The Jones leaders drew them into the piny woods they knew so well and shot them to pieces. Although a few of Knight's men were captured, other Confederate deserters took their places.

From an island in the Leaf River Captain Knight carried on guerrilla warfare that troubled Jefferson Davis to the end. He raided troops and seized arsenals. While General Lowry was looking for Knight's men, he at times found them looking for him. The Jonesites would steal out, deal him stinging stabs and hide in the forest before the larger force could act.

The end of the war found Captain Knight's group intact. It might be imagined he and his men would be afraid to settle down in a state that had suffered so much from Yankee invasion. But they went back to their farms and took up just where they had left off. Knight did no hiding. Many of his neighbors disliked the notoriety of his little war. One group petitioned the legislature to change the name of the county to Davis, in honor of the Confederacy's leader, and the name of the county seat to Leesburg, in deference to the immortal "Marse Robert." The lawmakers complied, but V. A. Collins, a Jones native who had

fought for the Union, became a member of the legislature and had the names of the Confederacy's chieftains discarded.

Throughout all this dissension, Captain Knight continued his farming. He was without bravado or timidity. In his quiet way he let it be known that he had done what he thought to be right, and there was nothing else to be done about it. His was not a vindictive spirit. He made no effort to capitalize upon his dramatic defense of the Union after the carpet-bag government gained control. Oddly enough, till this day no member of the Knight family has had any outstanding part in political life. Descendants of the rebellion against the rebellion are numerous. They follow the simple pursuits of farming loved by their independent ancestors. And just as Newt Knight and his neighbors scorned slave labor, the Knights today do not care for the tenant-farming practice so widespread in their state. They operate their own farms and do it well.

In 1922 the *Ellisville Progress* reported the death of one of the section's most noted men. Newt Knight had lived so inconspicuously that the news was slow in reaching the local editor when they buried Newt at ninety-three.

► *Portrait of the burlesque queen who
stumbled into the Intellectual Life.*

GYPSY ROSE LEE, STRIPTease INTELLECTUAL

By JOHN RICHMOND

ALTHOUGH it takes Gypsy Rose Lee only seven minutes to go through her celebrated striptease, she admits that it took her fully seven weeks to go through Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. That in itself doesn't prove that the girl is less agile mentally than physically. Let it be understood from the outset that Gypsy possesses a lively brain as well as an electrifying body. Without formal schooling she hewed a path to the Intellectual Life by self-study. She works at it conscientiously. She reads hard books, visits art galleries, attends symphony concerts, and has dabbled enthusiastically, if innocently, in left-wing politics. By reason of such earnest cultivation of her inner life, it is true, Miss Lee has fallen into depressing attitudes of the higher refinement, manifest in her use of a special voice and vocabulary for cultural topics. Normally, she speaks in husky tones in the robust vernacular of show business. In unguarded moments she curses colorfully.

There are thus at least two sides to Gypsy's personality, which sometimes get in each other's way. The side for which the Minskys paid her a thousand dollars a week — a high for public disrobing — can be felt by a sensitive reporter a block away. She is a lady who definitely has class with a capital K. Her russet hair, worn in a fetching Gibson Girl coiffure, her warm hazel eyes, and her full sensuous mouth are features you do not easily forget as you pick at Marx, Proust and the coming revolution.

Her vices are few and chiefly include smoking two packs of cigarets a day and a firm devotion to brandy which she can take or let alone depending on her mood. She tried smoking marijuana a couple of times but claims she found it revolting. When it was the fashion in sophisticated circles to sniff cocaine she sampled it once, but spilled her helping on the rug. Her only serious addiction, indeed, is to the aforementioned Intellectual Life.

Otherwise she is a perfectly normal, voluptuous five feet ten and 135 pounds of cosily distributed curves. Naturally she is proud that back in 1937 she was chosen the most prominent woman of the day, even outstripping Eleanor Roosevelt, by Peddie School seniors; proud, too, that Columbia seniors, noted for their deep interest in cultural pursuits, made her Queen of the Senior Formal Dance a couple of years ago. A special twinge of pride derives from the fact that once, after writing a guest column for Walter Winchell, she got the literary urge, dashed off the outline of a mystery story and sold the idea to a publisher. Now, like all God's chillun, Gypsy is writing a book, about a chapter a week. She declares that writing is an exciting and satisfying pursuit and one that she seriously plans to make her hobby.

Gypsy Rose Lee is hurt at being thought of primarily as a stripper. Questioned about these aphrodisiacal talents, she tries to duck and dodge details. "Whenever any bum takes off her clothes in public," she complains, "the papers talk about her doing a Gypsy Rose Lee. You'd think I was a sort of international nudist." Yet it's an unavoidable fact that

Gypsy did not win her first laurels because of her brains. That's not what the customers flocked to see as they crowded burlesque theatres and simpered and stared at what the late Billy Minsky modestly called "seven minutes of sheer art." As high priestess of striptease, Gypsy's shape is familiar to millions and she is still one of the fastest and most tantalizing adepts in the art of public undressing.

On the other hand, her striptease has been influenced by her intellectual bent. In performing her seven minutes of erotic frenzy, Miss Lee scorns the *bump* or the *grind*, integral parts of the orthodox strip. These two rowdy gyrations are the essence of burlesque. The *bump* is a movement in which the artist's knees are bent and the hips are thrown backward and forward with startling rapidity; the *grind* is a rotary action of the hips, rather in the hootchy-kootchy school. Gypsy never indulged in these sizzling movements. Instead she perfumed her striptease routine with a fat chunk of culture. While undressing, she tossed French phrases into the gaping mouths of her admirers; and she recited smutty Dwight Fiske monologues (*Virgin Sturgeon*, etc.) imported from Café Society's plushier amuse-

ment parlors. Her tough audiences took readily to this tonier entertainment, although it has been estimated that 80 per cent of burlesque patrons can neither read nor write.

Striptease routines are divided into two categories: sweet and hot. Exponents of hot perform as though they had dynamite for lunch. Gypsy, however, specialized in a sweet tease and her followers loved it, despite or because of the fact that she preserved an Emily Post attitude throughout her maneuvers. She starts to strip bundled to the ears in a big, white fur coat with large buttons and glides languidly across the stage as though bound for the opera, while the orchestra plays a restrained tune. On her way back to the wings she twitches her coat open with a negligent gesture, disclosing a low-cut evening gown, and immediately the audience screams for a greater expanse of Gypsy's skin. Then she comes out and plays with the pins and snaps of a specially designed dress, revealing a bit more of her epidermis. On the next chorus the house lights go down and a baby-blue spotlight shows Gypsy minus either the top or bottom of her dress. Then she walks and skips sweetly across the stage shedding the rest of her cos-

tume as she exits to the wings. Whistles, shouts, thunderous applause affirm the achievement.

Gypsy generally peers from the wings and gives tongue to a standard line of patter. "Darlings, please don't ask me to take off any more. I'll catch cold. No, please, I'm embarrassed. No, honestly, I can't. I'm almost shivering now." But in the end she yields to the clamor of the *conoscenti* and comes out once more with her dress thrown so loosely about her that it slips off as she reaches stage center. Timing is the subtle element in this art. Just before the blackout, Miss Lee plucks off her brassière and for one swift ecstatic second she stands completely naked except for a small beaded G-string that satisfies most city fathers.

To say that bedlam breaks loose after such a performance is pure understatement. Burlesque audiences are the most appreciative in the world. When Billy Minsky introduced the lady to New York in 1931 in the city's largest burlesque theatre, at \$1000 a week, she was an overnight sensation. Thereafter it was a triumphal march through smoke-filled and cheering theatres. By the time she put on a modified version of her famous act for the 1940 World's Fair, Gypsy was an institution. But before she achieved

this gaudy success she travelled a long and circuitous route studded with plenty of hardships. How she finally wound up as a *stripteuse* and a little thinker is an interesting tale.

II

Her real name is Rose Louise Hovick and she was born twenty-seven years ago in Seattle. Her father, of Norwegian descent, is a newspaper man; her mother is German and has traveled with Gypsy most of her life. At six Gypsy made her debut in vaudeville, with her sister, and wore male attire so often in this child act that she was referred to by stagehands as Baby June's kid brother. Later the act was called "Rose Louise and Her Hollywood Blondes," and barnstormed all over the country, rarely playing more than two days in one town. Meals were skipped, wardrobes became skimpy, but the Hovicks plugged on for years. It was a tough, hard life and the young Gypsy managed to hold herself somewhat aloof from it. She never attended school while trouping, but used to spend her allowance on books.

It was thus — I have her word for it — that she bought a copy of *Das Kapital*, at the tender age of fifteen, simply because she was at-

tracted by its beautiful binding. She claims it took her seven weeks to finish this ponderous tome, although she has peeked into it from time to time in later life. Little did the child dream that it would all come to the surface again and — an amazing coincidence — at the very moment when a lot of other movie actors, burlesquers, clergymen and novelists were going pseudo-Marxist.

When vaudeville took a nose-dive Gypsy was reduced to playing in second-rate night clubs, and finally, stranded and in desperation, she booked part of her troupe into a burlesque show. It was then that Rose Louise Hovick became Gypsy Rose Lee. She changed her name because Mrs. Hovick feared that Gypsy's grandfather would be shocked to have his kin cavorting in burlesque. Because of her lush, exotic beauty and roaming nature she had long been nicknamed Gypsy anyhow.

The birth of her striptease is a saga in the burlesque world. One night as she did her turn, singing and dancing (even today she is pretty terrible at both these pursuits) she coyly allowed the shoulder strap of her gown to slip down. A generous expanse of milky white bosom was thereby exposed, and a great career was launched. The

vision wowed the art-lovers in the audience. They screamed for more. But Gypsy held out in the true teaser's tradition. The next night she repeated the subtle gesture and by the end of the week her salary was upped to \$75. Four weeks later she was established as a first-rate stripteaser drawing \$350 weekly. "I guess I wasn't used to so much money," Gypsy says today, "because the more I got the more ambitious I became to land on Broadway."

She credits Walter Winchell for helping her achieve this ambition. He induced the late Florenz Ziegfeld to catch her act at Minsky's. As a result she dropped a big paying job for a minor role in the chorus of *Hot-Cha*, the last Ziegfeld production. After *Hot-Cha* she returned to burlesque. It was at this stage in her progress that she added the refined touches of French and Fiske. She then resided in a snooty Gramercy Park penthouse, the theatre where she displayed her arts being only a few blocks away. It was Gypsy's habit to walk to work attired in a diaphanous nightgown over which she wore an expensive mink coat. Sometimes she veered over to Union Square, where she stopped to hear communist soapboxers. She says they used to sneer at her, little guessing

that she was a comrade under the mink. "They probably didn't realize," she explains now, "that my five turns a day were much tougher than standing on a soapbox talking."

Gypsy's jewels, \$24,000 worth of them, put her on the front pages in 1937, when six bandits held her up outside her home and stripped her of the baubles. She spent an entire afternoon convincing skeptical police that it was not a publicity stunt. It wasn't. The jewels were never found and the loss left a deep scar on Gypsy's mind, for, as she said, "My God, I love jewelry. I always wear jewelry, sometimes even sleep with it." But by this time she is more spartan — claims she no longer misses the trash at all.

The incident, however, resulted in Gypsy's bid to go to Hollywood. Four thousand highly moral letters of protest immediately poured down on producer Darryl Zanuck. Mr. Zanuck issued reassurances: henceforth Gypsy would be known as Louise Hovick, and she would no longer indulge in the striptease. "She is a dramatic actress," said he, "and will be exploited as such." The news came as a kind of surprise to Gypsy, but she decided to try. If she failed it was for no lack of trying. Before exposing her to a camera the Hollywoodians straightened her front teeth, raised her

eyebrows, changed the shape of her mouth and corrected her walk, which had an excessive slink. "They made me look like a Park Avenue debutante," said Miss Hovick proudly. She remained in Hollywood almost two years, at \$2000 a week, but the drama in her wouldn't come out. With its accustomed perversity Hollywood gave the lady the two things she needed least — a new name and at least twelve changes of clothing in every picture. Unfortunately the changes were made beyond range of camera and the pictures flopped.

In the movie capital, however, she achieved fame for social significance and class consciousness. Among other things she became chairman of the clothing division of a relief committee for the Spanish Loyalists. Subtly exploiting her naked appeal, the committee placed advertisements graced with a seductively stripped Gypsy asserting: "CLOTHES? ANY NEW CLOTHES, OLD CLOTHES? Gypsy Rose Lee appeals for CLOTHING for Spanish Refugees . . . and she is not teasing!" Suddenly aware of the old dose of *Das Kapital*, she began appearing at various communist United Front meetings, her name always a good come-on for any cause. But she disappointed the audiences with some

such remark as, "I've come here not to lift my skirt but to help lift the embargo." Once she auctioned off for Spanish relief a book by Eleanor Roosevelt and another by Thomas Mann, both autographed by the authors. Gypsy added her own signatures to these books, remarking that this made them real collectors' items.

As a result of this innocent behavior Gypsy got tangled with the Dies Committee. She tried to brush aside the subpoena with the comment, "With my act and Dies' publicity we could bring back vaudeville." But then she grew serious and explained herself. "Sure, we gave parties in Hollywood to help poor Spanish kids," she said. "I thought it was American to help the downtrodden. . . . Why doesn't Dies stop running down the 70,000 Reds and go after the 700,000 Nazi Bund members?" That was before the Reds and the Nazis got together, of course. Today Gypsy, perhaps unaware of how the great change happened, utters the new batch of communist clichés and catch-phrases. She denies vehemently that she is a communist or even a fellow-traveler and she probably means it, too. The Dies inquiry was dropped and shortly afterward Gypsy uttered her final blast. "When you have a name,"

she said, "you should do things for charity no matter where it's needed. After all it's these same people who gave you that name. America's Sixty Families don't fill theatres." When asked cautiously why her charitable instincts have been limited to communist-approved causes she loses her temper. She performed for Spain because someone asked her, and no one asked her to perform for Finland or British Bundles, and that's that.

III

To explain her failure in the movies Gypsy uses class-angle thinking. "I loused myself up," she says, "by playing with people from the wrong side of the tracks, inviting grips and electricians to dinner at my house." But when one of Hollywood's columnar cynics badgered her into admitting that she might not have acting talent Gypsy admitted, "I guess my Fourteenth Street burlesque technique wasn't so good. There never was any Stanislavsky in my methods. I just got up and said my lines." Anyhow, as she puts it, "I came back with a swell collection of autographs."

While in Hollywood Gypsy married Robert Mizzy, a wealthy dental supply manufacturer, twenty miles out at sea in a water-taxi.

This loony setting failed to comply with California's three-day notice requirement, so they married again on land. Then they traveled 47,000 miles in her dressing room converted into a trailer, ending at Gypsy's farm in upper New York. She cooked all the way and her husband said she dished up some mighty fine vitamins. She said, "I guess I got a real taste for the country from that trip across the United States." Currently she is seeking a divorce from Mizzy, whose idea of fun, she alleges, is noisy night clubs while she prefers the simpler life on the farm.

While she was performing at the 1940 World's Fair, Gypsy's name was linked with that of a magazine photographer. The latter informed the world, "The thing I most admire about Miss Lee is her art criticism." Miss Lee's interest in art, as manifested by the décor of her apartment, is rather one-sided. Her living room, on the socially correct East Side, is full of ornate Louis XV furniture and penciled on the walls are some startling female nudes by a French artist. In her bedroom stands a four-poster bed with wooden parrots perched on the posts, the canopy having been removed. On the wall at the head of the bed is a large, lascivious pastel of two nude women. On

other walls are additional esoteric gems, but almost all nude females in erotic moods. Gypsy gushes that she simply adores French modernists, naming Jules Pascin, the noted painter of nudes, and Maurice Chagall. Her own portrait, painted by Henry Major, recently hung in the Marie Harriman Galleries. "You've got to develop an eye for art," Gypsy says.

On the literary side, though, Gypsy is more versatile. Her taste runs the entire gamut from ten-cent and quarter astrology magazines to Marcel Proust. Of the latter she says simply, "He's marvelous." The pages of only one of his four volumes on her shelves were cut. Other well-placed books in her apartment include Dreiser's *The Genius*, Huneker's *Painted Veils*, *The Neurotic Constitution* by Adler, Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, Sheean's *Personal History*. Her favorite newspaper, she declares, is *PM*, originally pro-Stalinist. She also reads the two New York tabloids, the *News* and the *Mirror*, but snubs papers of larger format. She cannot go to sleep without a gander at Winchell's column, her substitute for Ovaltine.

Gypsy insists that she prefers the simple life. Most of her amusement in the evenings takes place in her own home, a sort of little thinkers'

salon. The festivities often wind up with Gypsy showing her guests several reels of "blue" movies, the kind favored at stag parties. She boasts that she has over 160,000 feet of such film, one of the most torrid collections in the country. Gypsy also talks about music. Her remarks sound a lot like Deems Taylor annotations on a national radio hookup. In fact, she once had a hot discussion with Mr. Taylor on modern music in one of her rare visits to the Stork Club. Nevertheless, she did seem to be on firmer ground when she discussed the merits of White Orpingtons or Rhode Island Reds. She had 300 pedigreed hens on her Highland Mills farm. When her mother served some for dinner, Gypsy grew nervous and got rid of them all.

In her fourteen-room Colonial country home, "Witchwood Manor," she has installed an elaborate heating system so she can enjoy the simple life in winter too, when she so desires. Pets roam all over this plantation, including three monkeys, two sheep, two turkeys, three dogs. Her favorite monkey is Rufus-Veronica II, whose exact sex is something of a puzzle. Of this little pet Winchell once cracked in his column, "Where did Gypsy Rose Lee's monkey bite her?" Gypsy won't tell.

The intellectual and social-life touches are seldom very far from Gypsy's consciousness despite her rash of social significance. On returning from Hollywood, she was interviewed in the "21" Club and casually referred to her presence in that hangout of celebrities as a triumph for 14th Street burlesque. For no reason at all she announced, "This afternoon, I'm going down and buy two prints by that Venetian painter, Pieter Breughel, for my library." When the innkeeper on Fifty-Second Street asked her where she then lived, Gypsy replied, "Up in Highland Mills, eight miles from Tuxedo Park. I'm rustivating." She might, of course, have found some other town of reference, instead of dragging in Tuxedo, where so many scions of the Sixty Families also rusticate, but that's her predictable way. Early in 1940 H. L. Mencken suggested the word "ecdysiast" to displace the term "stripteaser." Publicity-wise Gypsy found it fitting to argue the matter in the press. "The man is an intellectual snob," she screamed.

"Ecdysiast he calls me!" When a reporter, innocent of her literary leanings, asked whether she had ever read Mencken, Gypsy replied angrily, "Certainly, I've read his stuff — in my youth."

Despite her sad experiences, she is still eager for a career on the legitimate stage. Recently she toured the summer theatres playing the lead in *Burlesque*, and then she did the principal role in a minor offering called *I Must Love Someone*. Recently, too, she took over Ethel Merman's part in the bawdy musical *DuBarry Was a Lady*. The striptease background, which seems to annoy her, really shouldn't disturb her. Except for the minstrel show, it is probably America's only original contribution to the theatre, and Gypsy has done a lot to enhance that art form. Strip-teasers may come and stripteasers may go but Gypsy reigns supreme. She is the only intellectual *stripteuse* in the United States, and that is surely enough to give her a category all of her own in the U. S. census.



► *A geographer shows that this hemisphere can absorb millions of new colonists.*

THE AMERICAS AND THE REFUGEES

BY EARL P. HANSON

AT THE famous conference in Evian, France, called by President Roosevelt in 1938 to discuss the urgent refugee problem, only one country came forward with an outright offer to take in the uprooted and homeless people for large-scale colonization. That, surprisingly enough, was the little Dominican Republic. General Trujillo backed up the invitation by contributing a 26,000-acre estate selected on behalf of prospective immigrants as the most desirable area for the initial settlement. Out of that offer grew the first *planned* refugee colony in the Western Hemisphere.

Carefully chosen and financed by the Dominican Republic Settlement Association, with headquarters in New York, about two hundred new European settlers are now in Santo Domingo, happy and healthy, tilling the soil, forming cooperatives, planning to establish new industries, learning Spanish, becoming Dominican citizens, preparing to raise their children as such. They are permanent settlers,

deliberately sinking new roots in a new soil. Their number is as yet extremely small, though the Dominican invitation specified 100,000 and the colony is growing. But from many points of view that handful of people may turn out to be the most significant now in the Western Hemisphere. They represent a living experiment which may affect the destinies of millions now seeking a foothold — and the destinies of the whole New World as well.

All the Americas were settled and developed largely by European refugees, exchanging fresh blood, labor, capital, for new homes and hopes. The free and uncontrolled inrush of pioneers, however, is ended, and opinion on the wisdom of admitting refugees is sharply divided. Those who are today largely in control of national policies would keep them out for reasons that boil down to the assumption that the Americas are already overcrowded. Those who would admit them, at least under special supervision, maintain that another

great migration from Europe may do for the entire Western Hemisphere what the opening of our West to immigrants did for the United States after the Civil War. No matter how many or how few refugees it finally houses, the Dominican venture will be watched with intense interest. Its success or failure as a demonstration may play a large part in tipping the scales of argument, and thus in shaping the future of two vast continents.

The notion that there is "no room" in the Western Hemisphere is sheer absurdity from the viewpoint which strictly considers space available, agricultural lands to be farmed, and idle resources to be developed into factories, employment, cash-incomes, and favorable balances of trade. As far as space and undeveloped resources are concerned, the two Americas could easily take care of twenty times the half-million refugees who have left Germany since Hitler's rise, and still have plenty of space available for a large share of those tremendous migrations from Europe certain to develop when the present war subsides.

Consider Alaska alone. Over half a million square miles in extent, it is larger than all the Scandinavian countries together, plus Finland, which is not Scandinavian. Dr.

A. H. Brooks of the U. S. Geological Survey states that "three-quarters of Alaska has a climate entirely favorable to occupation by the white race and better than that of Finland and much of Sweden." Potentially one of the world's wealthiest regions, Alaska has undeveloped resources in minerals, timber, water power, and the like far greater than those of the Scandinavian countries. The territory has between 50,000 and 65,000 square miles of land well suited for crop raising; yet only about *fifteen square miles* are today actually under cultivation, while Alaskans annually import about \$10,000,000 worth of foodstuffs from the continental United States. Dr. Brooks has stated that Alaska could readily support a population of 10,000,000 or more; Stefansson and a number of others have put the figure at higher than the 17,000,000 who now live well in the Scandinavian countries. Actually Alaska's population amounts only to some 60,000, half of whom are native Indians and Eskimos.

Thus an enormously wealthy American area, one fifth the size of the United States, now supports no more resident white men and women than would fill the Rose Bowl to slightly more than one third of its capacity. To be sure,

there was a lot of adverse publicity a few years ago over the Government's "Matanuska" project for settling relief clients in Alaska. That, however, has since died down. The project cost the Government money, but as a demonstration — which is all it was meant to be — it was cheap. The fact is that the settlers who remained after the first shake-up have by now made a fair success of the undertaking, thus paving the way for possible further colonization under private capital and Government supervision.

The complex nature of Alaska, and its need for industrialization as well as for agricultural development, point up the oft-forgotten lesson that not all pioneers either are or need to be farmers. The well-rounded development desirable for a new territory means that the hotelkeeper, garage mechanic, canning-plant operator, lumberjack, bookkeeper, doctor, dentist, or schoolteacher will find as valid a place as the farmer.

Elsewhere there are vast, unused areas for actual or potential farmers, in line with the romantic and dogmatized conception of pioneering that has come down to us from our own Mayflower days. In Canada, for instance, the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec alone have been reported by the Canadian

Government as containing more than 40,000,000 acres of unoccupied lands rated as agricultural. At a rough estimate of 160 acres per pioneering family of four, that area alone could accommodate a million refugees, to say nothing of the many thousands who could be taken care of on the rest of Canada's fertile but idle lands.

II

We skip the United States proper as too hot a potato to handle in a discussion of this kind, and proceed to Latin America. Mexico has for years been taking in batches of Loyalist refugees from the Spanish War, and may well, one of these days, open her doors wider still. Lower California, with a climate not far different from that of Southern California, has been studied as a colonization area; it could absorb hundreds of thousands if developed properly. Even in crowded Cuba the Quakers have for several years been training refugees in agriculture to prepare them to settle on the land. Guatemala and other Central American republics have been talking about taking in groups of refugees, thus far on an unplanned basis.

But the real "wide-open" spaces are found in South America. As

one result of the Evian conference, an international commission recently chartered a plane and examined thousands on thousands of acres in the British Guiana highlands. It reported that at least experimental settlement there would be quite feasible, provided only that a road be built inland from Georgetown to make adequate and inexpensive transportation possible.

This brings us to the amazingly fertile regions of Eastern Bolivia, theoretically capable of sustaining millions, which Alfalfa Bill Murray tried to colonize with Oklahomans about eighteen years ago. They went down by the hundreds, full of high hopes and enthusiasm; they came back up again a few years later, discouraged and dispirited. But their failure is ascribable on the one hand to the fact that they had a place to which they could return — always a danger in difficult pioneering ventures — and on the other to the lack of transportation facilities which has hampered settlement in so many South American regions. The European refugees have no place to return to, which may well make them, collectively, as good pioneers as the city-dwellingshopkeeperswhocame to the terrifyingly inhospitable wilderness of New England three centuries ago. They also have capi-

tal potentially available, as well as a good many sets of excellent brains for “planning” in accordance with modern concepts. They would see to it that the transportation problem is solved. The lush valleys where Murray once failed may yet be successfully peopled.

All up and down the Eastern slopes of the Andes, in the subtropical climate at from 3000- to 5000-foot altitude, we find great empty areas containing oil, gold, precious woods, valuable drug-plants, and other riches, as well as millions of acres of fertile agricultural lands. That the transportation problem there is of paramount importance is shown by the history of Peru’s picturesque and sleepy town of Moyobamba. Many years ago it had a high culture and a prosperous population of some 20,000, most of them shipping out their agrarian produce on pack-mules to the West Coast, and on the backs of painted Indians to the Amazon River system. But then truck-roads and railroads, launches and steamers, came into use in the rest of the world, and Moyobamba, no longer able to compete, dwindled down to a mere few thousand stagnating inhabitants. If the projected railroad to the town is ever actually built, the entire picture will change. Meanwhile, however, the Peruvian

Government is even now building a highway into its Ucayali Valley, which will throw open some 5000 square miles, or well over 3,000,000 acres, of fertile agricultural lands.

Recently Venezuela discovered its "Gran Savannah" region — a lordly expanse of some 10,000 square miles in the Guiana highlands, mosquito-free, healthful, fertile, mineralized open plains, where the American pilot Jimmy Angel has for years been prospecting and exploring by airplane, and reputedly making himself rich. The Venezuelan Government has adjudged the country admirably suited for colonization; its enthusiasts have proclaimed it the "Future Venezuela," needing only — and here is the usual rub — adequate transportation.

So many and so vast are the wide-open spaces in South America that the mere job of listing them is encyclopedic in scale. Some of them may well be opened in the near future, in the perfectly normal course of events. For instance, with our present Far Eastern sources of rubber, tin, manganese, quinine, and plant fibers endangered, we may turn to South America for more of those products, which would mean large-scale development, a possible influx of new capital and populations, and the

opening of new agricultural lands to feed the developers.

The problem of refugee settlement cannot be regarded in the void as a problem in charity, or in relation to space alone. It must be viewed in relation to the world's ever-shifting political, social, and economic structures. With hemispherical development looming today as an aspect of defense, the refugees may in the end turn out to be a blessing to the Americas instead of a pounding headache. It is not impossible that these immigrants, with their labor, their money, and their special skills, may soon give Latin America a badly needed shot in the arm to develop its industries, raise standards of living and purchasing power, and perhaps even put its trade with us on so sound and well-rounded a basis that consideration of "cartels" will be unnecessary even in times of emergency. The mere question of money is apparently not too difficult. I have talked with dozens of leaders in American refugee circles. They all tell the same story. Tens if not hundreds of millions of dollars could be raised for the planned and supervised settlement of refugees in the Western Hemisphere, provided only such settlement is taken out of the realm of philanthropy and turned into a long-range investment of

cash and human energies for the development of our part of the world.

The barriers against an immediate large flow of refugees to the Americas, therefore, are not the lack of either room or capital, but politics, misinformation, violent prejudice, all working together.

III

The most common of the prejudices are purely emotional, unrelated to the realities of the unoccupied or sparsely settled regions in question. You have heard them: "You can't make pioneers out of city-dwellers . . . especially of Jews. . . . Refugees are aliens and aliens breed crime . . . they will include fifth columnists . . . they will take away your jobs. . . ." But we are considering the problem rationally and can brush aside irrelevant outbursts. It is a matter of careful planning, scrupulous selection and adequate financing to *build up* rather than to overcrowd existing economies. Also, the problem is far larger than the settlement of Jews — the millionfold refugees already include uprooted Finns, Norwegians, Danes, Belgians, Frenchmen, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, with others undoubtedly to come. Beneath all the political and military events of

these troubled years is the fact of a violent reshuffling of populations.

There are also pseudo-scientific arguments against colonization in the broad areas I have mentioned. The logic that once insisted that Florida was incapable of supporting a considerable white population — because its climate was supposedly too "debilitating" — is still being applied to the world's tropical and sub-tropical regions by dozens of learned and determined scholars. Read any romantic novel about white men going to hell in the tropics and you get the general view which romanticists have taken over from the scholars . . . or is it the other way around? Recently, however, that climatic conservatism has been undermined by actual demonstrations. Australia, for instance, needed to open her tropical, once-wild and notoriously unhealthy northern regions to white settlers, if only to keep out the encroaching Japanese. And it seems to have worked out miraculously well. The trouble, it appears, is not with the tropics, but with the foolish way we have tried to live in them. The world is ready for at least a few experimental projects here, to break down the barriers of inertia which have kept us from colonizing vast and opulent tropical areas. Similar "scientific" prejudices

against colonization in the Arctic and sub-Arctic (which were taught to me in an advanced course in Climatology at Columbia University less than ten years ago) are today giving way under the impact of successful recent northward migrations.

We are witnessing today another of those revolutionary changes in geographical thinking that once before did away with the classical and medieval ideas of the impenetrable burning tropics and frozen north. Hence we may in the near future see another of those great human migrations, especially to the Western Hemisphere, that were unleashed by that change in thought during the last renaissance. That in turn bodes well for the modern refugees — the derelicts from many a ship of state that may yet founder, and the forerunners of new migrations and further reshuffling of the world's populations.

Then, too, there is the economic argument that has echoed through the entire Western Hemisphere for years, from Alaska to Cape Horn. "We have too many unemployed already — why import more?" That argument can apply only to the haphazard admission of penniless, straggling refugees, without plan, supervision, or capital. You get

an entirely different picture when you look at South America's present need for adequate industrial development — requiring new brains, skills, workers, and capital to round out her various economies, create employment, develop greater strength for hemispherical defense, and straighten out lopsided balances of trade. Far from being an economic liability, the flow of colonizers may prove an economic lifesaver for an entire continent.

Both in its economic aspects and in connection with the question of white settlements in tropical areas, the Dominican venture should provide a valuable yardstick. The Dominican colonists are being selected with the greatest care, to exclude possible spies and to obtain healthy, young, adaptable people who have the needed skills or can be depended upon to learn them under careful tutelage. The project is worked out on a cooperative basis, with community cattle herds and pasture lands, community cash-crop lands, and individual garden-plots, cooperatively worked. General Trujillo has already talked of establishing an agricultural bank in the Dominican Republic, to aid the new settlers. The first cash-income plan calls for the exportation of food crops to other Caribbean areas, such as Curaçao, which now im-

port most of their foods. But it decidedly is not exclusively an agricultural venture.

Dominica needs new industries badly, and it was perhaps for that very reason that Trujillo invited the refugees to his country. There are fine possibilities, for instance, for a paint factory using local pigments; for a candy factory, using local sugar and cutting down on the candy imports; for a cement plant like the one that Puerto Rico built recently with outstanding success; for a glass factory, using local sands and refugee Czechoslovak glass blowers as well as native Dominicans. Let only one of those things become a proven success, and other Latin-American nations may begin to fall in line with schemes under which the admission of refugees to this hemisphere will be an opportunity to the Americas instead of a menace.

There have been, of course, serious political obstacles to rational

settlement of refugees. Undoubtedly the Evian conference was hampered by the very real fear of many South American delegates that Hitler would retaliate by refusing to buy their products if they showed too great an eagerness to admit his political enemies. The closer we come to hemispherical solidarity, the less important that kind of thinking is likely to be as an obstacle.

All of which means that the refugees are our problem, too, whether we like it or not. With the Americas still able to absorb tens of millions of new colonists, it may well mean that they are our great opportunity, provided only that we can cut through the existing layers of panic, prejudice, and misunderstanding on the subject. It is almost self-evident that the refugees will play a large part, one way or the other, in the creation of the new world that must emerge from the shambles of the present one.

ROOT, EYE, AND MIND

BY R. COMBELLACK

THE root is sharp; it cuts the soil
In easy growth and with no toil.

The eye is sharp and pierces air
And reaches stars, unaided, bare.

One knife there is that's sharper still,
For mind cuts Time itself, at will.

RATTLESNAKES MAKE GOOD EATING

By ROY A. BENJAMIN, JR.

AN AMERICAN farmer has packed up his troubles in small tin cans and sells them at fancy prices to gourmets throughout the country. George Kenneth End's troubles were rattlesnakes — the only things that prospered on his scrub-strewn acres near Arcadia, Florida, while vegetable crops and a small pork-canning plant failed End miserably. One day he had an idea.

"Boys," he said to his two sons, "I've always wondered what a rattler would taste like. Let's see." A plump and deadly five-footer was decapitated, and Mrs. End's pots and pans were introduced to a delicacy it had not before been their fate to meet. This pioneer experiment in cooking "rattlesteak" was mostly a matter of jabbing and testing until the three concluded that they had done their best. The smooth, white meat looked like the breast of a Rhode Island Red. How did it taste? Like a delicate blend of chicken and quail. That first experiment so encouraged End that he invested \$130 to found the Floridian Products Com-

pany, world's only canners of rattlesnake meat, and his original investment has grown to a business worth \$150,000.

Last year 15,000 cans of Genuine Diamondback Rattlesnake Meat with Supreme Sauce were sold at \$1.25 a can. In swank restaurants from New York to Los Angeles you can order rattlesnake on toast without fear of mock understanding by a diplomatic waiter or the bum's rush from a rowdy bouncer. One distinguished hotel advertises "Diamondback Rattlesnake Salad *en Casserole*"; another, "Choice Tenderloin of Rattlesnake." A famous Chicago dining place offers a two-dollar chafing dish special. Rattlesnake is also served cold, as a relish or canapé, or warmed and garnished as a sandwich.

In public eating places, of course, the fact that meat comes from a rattlesnake must be made plain. In his own home, many a host has served it as *coquille St. Patrick* or rare *rosits en strombridge*, or any other deceptive mumbo-jumbo. When the guest comments on its

taste he is casually told of its origin. If that doesn't floor him he is handed a card (printed by Mr. End) hailing him as a member of "The Ancient Epicurean Order of Rattling Reptile Revelers." There are over 50,000 members — including the entire Negaunee, Michigan, Fire Department (thirty in all) who wrote in for cans and cards. End sent a can to the Duke of Windsor when he was King, and got an acknowledgement. "A short while after Windsor got the rattlesnake meat he abdicated," says End. "Maybe it gave him enough gumption to quit his job and marry the girl."

When Florida tourists clamored to see the rattlesnake cannery, End woke up to the fact that he had a first-class attraction. He chose Tampa, a center of tourist activity, as the place for his Reptilium. There, under the palms, 20,000 people in the last year have taken the tour of the establishment. Visitors may see snakes, touch snakes, eat snakes and be photographed with live snakes around their necks, if they like, as many do. Last year the Post Office Department permitted End to publicize his benefactors through a special mailing center. Philatelists in every clime now gloat over stamps postmarked "Rattlesnake, Florida."

End has also exploited rattlesnake by-products, much as cattlemen do with the products of the range. Skins are converted into shoes, belts, sport jackets (at \$75 and up), berets and neckties. Venom goes to laboratories for medical purposes. Fat and crystallized gall are turned into pharmaceuticals.

Not so long ago, End readily admits, the sight of a snake made his knees wobble. Now the recouped family fortune has impressed on him the fact that a snake is a thing of beauty. "Take this chicken snake," he says, holding up a wriggling six-footer, underside up. "Notice the wonderful iridescence as the sun plays on it." And it *is* a colorful sight, like a dazzling golden mosaic. There are exquisite patterns on the skin of a corn snake just beginning to shed, and the markings and colorings of a milk snake are like fine old tapestry. End contends that nowhere else in nature can one find such rhythm of color and movement. He is also convinced that in the relationship between snakes and men it is the lack of familiarity which breeds contempt. As tourists watch him handling the snakes, their attitude changes. Soon many of them are posing like snake charmers on the bally platform for the edification of the folks at home.

II

End is forty-five, a native of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. He graduated from Swarthmore and was attending the Columbia School of Journalism in 1915 when Dr. Michael Pupin organized the Columbia University Relief Organization to Serbia. End joined up. Then he attached himself to the French Army in time to get into some of the worst fighting. Later he shifted to the AEF. After that, until he cornered the rattlesnake market, he bounced from journalism to insurance selling and from a job as oil-company representative to truck farming. He is a small man whose dark eyes and dab of moustache give him a Charlie-Chaplinesque appearance. From his timid look he is about the last person one would pick to do tricks with rattlesnakes and make a profit from them.

Almost everyone who visits the Reptiliorium has to be convinced that rattlesnake meat really is food. Whenever he is questioned as to the meat's edibility, End always selects an outstanding food distributor in the doubter's home town and clinches the argument with his name. His educational routine includes another master stroke of showmanship designed to show that even rattlesnake venom

is harmless — when taken internally. He will guide a group to a pen full of vicious looking Diamondbacks, their buzzers sounding off in eerie discord. End takes a stick with a hook at the end and neatly lifts one of the rattlers out of the pen onto the ground. The spell-bound group takes a unified backward step. "There's no need to do that," the rattlesnake baron tells them soothingly. "It's tommyrot to believe that this rattler can jump off the ground to strike. His reach is like that of a boxer. He can't get beyond one-third of his length. And he crawls so slowly that you can easily get out of his way."

End then pins the rattler's head to the ground, and with a deft movement places his fingers on the head and picks the snake up. With a little instrument⁵ like a button-hook, he pries open the snake's mouth, hooks the fangs and pulls them over the side of an ordinary drinking glass. A push or two on the sacs in the rattler's mouth and the venom squirts into the glass.

"See, it's like a hypodermic needle," he tells the fascinated group. "If this fellow were to get hold of you he'd jab these fangs into you and then let go with the venom." He holds the glass up and shows the yellowish liquid. "Here, taste it," he invites. "See if you

don't think it tastes like the white of an egg." The victim blanches, looks for the nearest exit. End then lifts the glass to his mouth and takes a sip of the poisonous fluid. Nothing happens, except that he goes on with his talk:

"This stuff is albumen — exactly the same as the white of an egg. You could take egg white and inject it into your blood stream, and it would kill you just as quickly as this rattlesnake ammunition. And, vice versa, you could take this venom and make as delicious a meringue for lemon pie as you could with the best eggs." The cooks in the crowd usually indicate by their silence that they'll stick with the hen fruit, but by such methods End helps persuade diners to string along with this particular delicacy. When the meat was introduced in Paris for the first time at the Société Nationale d'Acclimation de France, this instructive note appeared on its menu:

Rattlesnakes or *crotales* (*crotales adamanteus*) are reptiles found in abundance in certain sections of America. Their flesh was already prized there generations ago, in the days of that remarkable civilization in North America before Columbus; and we hear that it constituted one of the favorite meats of the Aztecs, whose tastes were particularly refined. The consumption of these serpents does not present any danger, for the venom glands are localized in the head. The Society hereby de-

nounces those among you, learned as you may be, who pronounce it unfit for food.

III

Some fifty men and women supply End with rattlesnakes. Some of the most successful professional hunters are women. One wizened, overalled farmer brought in seven in an old flour sack and received \$20 for his day's work. There are twenty-six varieties of rattlesnakes in the country, but only the Great Eastern Diamondback grows to sufficient length and weight to warrant canning. "Some of the Texas snakes may have length but they don't have the biceps," is End's explanation. About 2500 Diamondbacks were slaughtered last year to meet the growing demand. They are killed generally in the evening and hung up for twenty-four hours. Evening hours aren't selected out of respect to the popular belief that "a snake doesn't die till sun-down," but there is some validity in the saying. "We find that the cooler night hours bring on the cessation of movement quicker than the daytime," End says. "I have seen the body of a rattler dead fifteen hours crawl out of the pan. The head is just as dangerous for many hours after it has been cut off as before. Pass your hand

above the decapitated snake's head and cause lights and shadows to flicker and you'll usually find the head will turn over. We never consider the rattler's head safe until it has been off for at least twenty-four hours."

After the all-night bleeding process, the snakes are skinned and dressed. They are then cooked, under a pressure cooker, just enough to allow the meat to be separated from the spine. Then the spices and special sauces are added. The meat is chopped into small slices, packed into cans, then sealed and again cooked.

End delights in debunking accepted ideas about the habits of his reptilian livestock. He points out that 95 per cent of the Diamondback rattlesnake's diet consists of cottontail rabbits, one of the cleanest and most wholesome of animals, and that the snake itself is unusually clean and healthy. He says its rattles, commonly supposed to serve for sounding a warning, are actually the snake's primary means of obtaining food. To say that a rattler is a "slow-moving" creature is to underestimate the lightning-like speed with which it strikes. Once it is within striking distance of a victim — a distance which never exceeds thirty inches — its swift blow is breathtaking.

End therefore takes issue with recent teachings which would minimize the danger of the deadly reptile. "The more I handle them, the more I respect them," he says. "I'm on guard every second. The fangs of the larger rattlesnakes can pierce any bootleather that has not been lined with aluminum sheeting or several layers of very fine metallic mesh."

A few years ago it looked as if the supply of rattlesnakes would be one of the least of End's worries. But with increasing demands for his product, supply becomes a definite problem. At this time, one of the country's largest grocery chains is negotiating on the possibility of placing the tiny cans of snake meat in its stores throughout the land. "If that deal goes through," End says, "I'll have to undertake something I never thought I'd need — a rattlesnake preserve. I'll have to take about twenty-five acres of high ground — stock it with well-fed rabbits and see that the right palmetto thatches and cool ponds are available — and grow my own rattlesnakes."

Which would only add the proper finishing touch to the story of the man who couldn't grow a squash or pack a porker, but who took a rattlesnake and introduced it to a knife and fork.

► *Research is yielding important data and the possibility of new curative techniques.*

NEW FACTS ON HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

BY IAGO GALDSTON, M.D.

A TINY silver clamp, in the hands of an ingenious scientist, has served to illuminate one of the most baffling afflictions affecting the middle-age group of our population. The scientist is Dr. Harry Goldblatt of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland. The disease is essential hypertension. In the language of the layman, this disorder can be described as excessively high blood pressure not due to disease of the heart or the blood vessels or to manifest disease of the kidneys.

The part played by the tiny silver clamp in the illumination of this baffling problem is of great significance. It made possible the experimental production of persistent high blood pressure in animals, a feat not heretofore achieved. In the six years that have elapsed since Goldblatt first reported his studies, more progress has been made in the study of this disorder than was made in the preceding century. Though it causes more deaths than cancer, essential hypertension is little known to the public, which

generally associates high blood pressure with hardening of the arteries and with "kidney disease."

Essential hypertension is the gravest problem of middle life. It is responsible for more than one fourth of all deaths occurring among those of fifty years of age and over. And yet until recently we knew very little of its cause, or causes. Even now, the problem is far from solved. However, the work of Goldblatt and his associates, and that of many others who have taken up the study, has evidently put us well on the way toward a solution. All the clues point to the kidneys as being at the root of the trouble. But the clues are of a rather unexpected kind. They suggest that the kidneys secrete into the blood one or more substances which influence the blood pressure. According to this view, essential hypertension is a disease resulting from a disturbance in the internal secretory functions of the kidneys.

To understand this, and furthermore to understand the achievements of Goldblatt and his minute

silver clamp, we need to understand something of the biological function of normal kidneys. For this we must turn to the biologist.

The biologist, as is well known, is proverbially a cold-blooded creature. While the poet can go into raptures over man spiritual, and the philosopher can wax eloquent on the wonders of man sapient, the biologist insists upon seeing in man little more than a definite quantity of diluted sea water surrounded by a relatively impervious envelope, the skin. But the biologist has devoted himself wholeheartedly to the exploration of that skinful of sea water called man, and what he has discovered matches in beauty and in wonder all that poets and philosophers have ever told. The brilliant and unhappy "father of experimental physiology," Claude Bernard (1813-1878), was the first to strike this vein. He coined the expression "the constancy of the *milieu intérieur*," designating thereby the remarkable fact that the human body (and those of all higher animals) maintains itself in a remarkably constant state of chemical and physical stability despite the fact that it operates in a world subject to sudden and wide variations. Thus the temperature of the body during health varies less than one degree, no matter whether the

surrounding air be hot or cold. The water content of the body is subject to but little fluctuation, and then only for short periods of time, whether we drink little or much.

More remarkable still is the constancy of the acid-alkali balance of the body which shifts within very narrow limits, the blatant claims of the venders of alkalizers to the contrary notwithstanding and despite our own vagaries in eating and drinking. Except when subjected to extreme conditions, the human body has remarkably efficient means for maintaining its inner constancy. In this competence, the higher animals are superior to the lower ones, and man to all other creatures. Man has also rendered himself independent of the external environment by creating artificial light and heat, preserving and storing food, etc. These adjustments, however, are of the external environment. The biologist is primarily concerned with the internal environment.

II

In his pursuit of the mechanisms by which compensations or adjustments are effected in the internal environment, the biologist came upon the phenomenal functions of the kidneys. Heretofore, these

organs had been looked upon merely as filters. Now they are recognized to be the organs that "make the stuff of philosophy itself."

The kidneys are the master chemists of our internal environment. The composition of our blood is determined more by what the kidneys keep in and allow to pass out than by what we eat. The kidneys excrete the ashes of our body fires; they remove from the blood a great variety of unusable substances which are taken in with food and, as recent research suggests, they secrete or produce substances which influence blood pressure.

Let us take a closer view of these remarkable organs. The functional unit of the kidney is called a nephron. Each kidney contains approximately one and one quarter millions of nephrons. At the head of each nephron is a filtering organ called a glomerulus. The total filtering surface of the glomeruli of both kidneys measures about one square meter. Through this filtering mechanism there passes in each minute a volume of blood equal to one third of the heart's output per minute, that is, 1300 cubic centimeters or a little less than three pints. During this period there is filtered off into the tubules of the nephrons about 125 cubic centimeters (roughly

four ounces) of water. However, of this volume, 124 cubic centimeters are reabsorbed, leaving just one cubic centimeter (one thirtieth of an ounce or fifteen drops) to be discharged as urine. In the water filtered off and reabsorbed there is dissolved a variety of salts. It is estimated that in one day the kidneys give off and reabsorb about one half pound of sugar (glucose) and three pounds of table salt (sodium chloride). The average amount of urine excreted by the kidneys in twenty-four hours is 1500 to 1700 cubic centimeters (about one and one half quarts). The rate of secretion is twice as great in the daytime as at night, that is, during sleep.

Very interesting and significant is the fact that at birth the weight of the heart is the same as that of the kidneys. The growth rate of both organs is the same, so that at the age of twenty-five the heart weighs practically the same as the kidneys.

Now to return to the relation between blood pressure and the kidneys. The story begins with the great English clinician, Richard Bright (1789-1858), physician at Guys' Hospital, London. In 1827, he described for the first time a clinical picture in which the primary disorder was traced to the

kidneys. This disorder was called essential nephritis. The value of his contribution was principally in that he distinguished clearly between two similar disease pictures, one arising from a disorder of the heart and circulatory system — the other from a primary disorder of the kidneys themselves.

When the heart and circulatory system are diseased, it is not uncommon for the kidneys ultimately to become affected. But under such circumstances, the nephritis (that is, the disorder of the kidneys) is neither primary nor essential. It is, rather, a secondary development. Bright distinguished that clinical picture from another that resembles it, but in which the main cause of the trouble lies not in the heart nor the blood vessels, but in the kidneys. This latter condition was essential nephritis, which later came to be known as Bright's Disease.

Following Bright's contribution, many scientists devoted themselves to the study of both the normal and disordered functions of the kidneys. The picture, especially as regards excessively high blood pressure in relation to kidney disease, was at that time roughly as follows. In certain disorders of the heart and circulatory system, notably in hardening of the arteries, the blood

pressure rose — in order, it was thought, to force the blood through the narrowed and unyielding blood vessels. Incidental to this disorder, and involved in it, there followed a disturbance in kidney function amounting to a nephritis. In contrast to this was pictured a second condition resulting from primary disease of the kidneys due to, say, infections, poisoning with toxic substances, or to mechanical obstruction to the excretion of the urine. Here the filtering functions of the kidneys were affected, with the result that poisonous substances were retained in the blood. These substances in turn caused a rise in blood pressure, again, presumably, to force more blood through the deficient filtering system.

Both these pictures are in substance correct. But as has been shown in recent years, they do not cover all the instances of high blood pressure. They fail to account for the most important disease in this category, namely, essential hypertension.

III

This disorder was not recognized before 1895. In that year, the great English clinician, Clifford Allbutt, described a group of patients with

high blood pressure who had never developed any clinical signs of kidney disease. Once described, the clinical picture was promptly recognized. An intensive research for its cause followed, but all it yielded was a mass of divergent theories. Some ascribed the disease to a disorder of the nervous system; others suspected a derangement of one or another of the known glands of internal secretion. Treatments varied with theories, all of them availing but little. The picture was dismal and confused until 1934 when Goldblatt made his first report.

In the course of studying the reports and findings of those who had previously struggled with the problem, Goldblatt began to suspect that renal (kidney) ischemia might offer a valuable clue. Ischemia is the scientist's word for an impoverishment in blood supply. Others before him had had the same idea, but they couldn't quite develop it. Goldblatt managed it. Working with three others, he designed a minute silver clamp. He then tried it on a dog, placing the clamp on the artery feeding blood to one of the animal's kidneys. By tightening the screw he could pinch the artery and thus reduce the blood flow to the kidney. In a word, he could produce renal ischemia at will and to any degree. The opera-

tion on the dog was trivial. The clamp was certain to remain in place and the animal could be watched for effects. Goldblatt experimented not on one but on many dogs. His findings, when finally published, aroused intense interest in the scientific world.

What were his findings? In substance these. Reduction of blood flow to one kidney causes a *temporary* rise in blood pressure. Reduction of blood flow to *both* kidneys causes a *permanent* rise in blood pressure. When one kidney is rendered ischemic and the other is removed, the rise in blood pressure is permanent. When both kidneys are rendered ischemic the blood pressure rises, but by *releasing* the constriction on the kidney arteries it can be made to return to normal. When both these arteries are constricted, and the veins issuing from the kidneys are also shut off, so as to allow no blood to pass through them back into body circulation, there results no rise in blood pressure. Somewhat bewildered, the reader may ask what this means. The answer is that all this strongly suggests that reduction in blood flow to the kidneys results in their secreting into the blood stream something which raises blood pressure. What does it prove? That possibly essential hypertension in

human beings may be due to the same mechanism, that is, to impoverishment of the blood supply to the kidneys. But there is more to it. If Goldblatt's findings stand up under sustained critical study, as they appear to do, we will have to add the kidneys to the list of organs which, like the sex glands, the thyroid, and the pancreas, comprise the so-called glands of internal secretion.

What is most important to the clinician and to the victims of essential hypertension, this work may give us an effective treatment or even a cure for the disease. There is more than a promise in this direction. Dr. Arthur Grollman of Johns Hopkins and Drs. J. R. Williams, Jr., and T. R. Harrison of Vanderbilt University School of Medicine recently reported that they had

been able to reduce excessively high blood pressure in experimental animals and in several human cases by means of a kidney extract. The reasoning behind this work is somewhat as follows: if the blood-impoverished kidneys release to the blood a substance which raises the blood pressure, then normal kidney tissue should contain another substance to counteract the first. Dr. Grollman and his co-workers believe they have demonstrated the existence of such a substance.

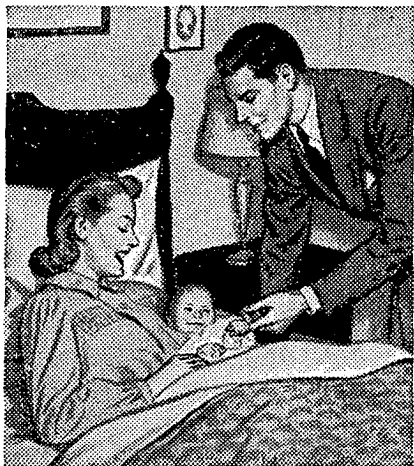
The remedy for essential hypertension has not yet been found. But there appears to be every warrant for the expectation that medical science will ultimately conquer this malignant disorder which today decimates so many of our people still in their prime years.

PORTRAIT

BY JOHN ROBERT QUINN

No artist hand will stay you like a latch;
No canvas resurrection will recall
Your countenance — and none shall pause to watch
Your captive beauty, tethered to a wall.

With timeless brush, the years will make of you
A pulsing shadow, nourished by the slim
Light of that gallery where none walks through
Except the keeper, humming a ghostly hymn.



There is a birth in the family of a policyholder.



An older policyholder decides to retire.

When Circumstances Alter Cases

WHEN YOU BUY a life insurance policy, just as when you buy anything else, you want to spend your dollars in the wisest possible manner.

Metropolitan also wants you to do this. That is why its agents are given continuous training in how to help you select the kind of life insurance that best fits your needs. Moreover, through the agent you have access to the counsel and advice of Home Office experts.

But the insurance program that fits your needs today may not fit your needs

tomorrow. Changes in your income, or in your family obligations, make it advisable for you to review your life insurance program from time to time.

Suppose, for example, a policyholder gets married, or there is a birth in a policyholder's family. Each may call for a change of beneficiary in present policies, and perhaps the addition of new policies.

Or again, a policyholder gets an increase in salary. This may mean that he should expand his life insurance pro-

gram. Another policyholder's income may be reduced, due to unemployment, a business reversal, extended illness, or new and unexpected expenditures. In some cases, his insurance may be re-arranged on a more modest basis. In other cases, it may be possible to help him keep his present insurance program by changing his premium payments to more convenient intervals.

Decreases in responsibilities sometimes suggest changes, too. Daughters marry, a beneficiary dies, a son begins to support himself, or an older policyholder decides to retire. In almost every case, it is advisable to review the manner in which the insurance money is to be paid.

These are only a few of the countless problems that develop in the families of Metropolitan's 29,000,000 policyholders.

As such problems arise, your Metropolitan agent is always ready to help you solve them, and to give you the benefit of special training and experience.

In fact, Metropolitan maintains, at the Home Office, a number of departments especially equipped to assist the

agent in keeping your insurance program fitted to your needs. In just one of these departments, a group of experts is kept busy, day in and day out, considering more than 4,000 proposed changes each week in Ordinary policies alone.

In another department, more than 4,200 proposals affecting Industrial policies are considered each week. Metropolitan makes more than 11,000 changes of beneficiary each week, and more than 75,000 so-called transfers, occasioned by changes of address and other causes.

These are only a few of the many types of changes which Metropolitan is called upon to consider. If you are a Metropolitan policyholder, we urge you to keep the Company informed of any changes which may arise in your insurance needs. It is especially important to inform the Company promptly of changes in your address, so that your Metropolitan agent may keep in touch with you and give you the benefit of his services.

For, as a Metropolitan policyholder, you are entitled at all times to the advice and help of your agent, without obligation.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



A FUGITIVE TEXT

BY MATTHEW BILLER

DEEP here beneath the darkness, form
and object have no being; sound is clothed
in slumber, and stealthy feet go by unheard.
Here indiscriminate are thoughts, wants,
and dreams commingled. Plans and judgments, greeds
and gifts confuse themselves by reason of the night.

Here lost among the shadows are the minds
of lonely men, uncertain in their wandering
as sleepers when they walk about the streets.
The paths have no beginning and no end
and ways of trust and safety are not known . . .
freedom is a cave beyond the mountain,
and knowledge is a veil across the stars.

The trees and doors of home are hidden, so that
an anxious man, returning from his absence,
seeks to thrust a stranger from his bed —
not knowing that the stranger is his brother.

The hearts of men who slumber here are torn
with violent dreams; and fearful lest the evil
seize on them, turn every man against
his fellow in the blindness of the night.

Here justice waits among confusion, and mercy
sits without a roof. Here kindness preens
her feathers from the chilling dew . . .

and peace
and vision, weary with their sleepless vigil,
strain against the sky for sure direction;
waiting for the conquering countenance of the day.

RADIO WAR ON THE U. S. A.

BY CHARLES J. ROLO

Dr. Hermann Rauschning quotes Adolf Hitler as saying:

Artillery preparation before an attack as during the World War will be replaced in the future war by the psychological dislocation of the adversary through revolutionary propaganda.

In line with this precept, American listeners are now being assailed through the air with the same strategy of demoralization that was used against Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, France and other fallen democracies of Europe. From sunrise until the small hours of the morning, this country is subjected to an intensive verbal bombardment from the Reich's giant short-wave transmitters. For a long time it was the writer's job to listen in and analyze the missiles — the "bombs for the mind," as a Nazi writer described them. They have one clear and simple purpose: to foment dissension that will paralyze America's will to act.

The German radio offensive against other countries revealed the tactics and objectives of this

form of warfare. Its goal is not conversion, but *anarchy*. It seeks to pit group against group, to turn the people against their leaders, to undermine the individual's faith in his habitual standards of judgment, to arouse in each man's heart uncertainty and eventually panic; in short, to divide, confuse, and terrify. The use of absurd exaggerations and fantastic assertions is an essential part of this strategy. It removes the stigma attached to propaganda, giving it the appearance of ballyhoo. So successful has been this "camouflaging" of the satanic by the ridiculous that for years the world regarded German propaganda as the harmless raving of diseased brains. Even now, with the object lessons of two years staring them in the face, the British complacently declare that Dr. Goebbels' threats and glaring falsehoods cannot win for him friends and allies in America. But German propaganda seeks no friends in America — except traitors; no allies — except Revolution. It is the propaganda of complete Nihilism.

Berlin's "bombs for the mind" are now reaching a sizeable audience in the United States. Seven million radios in this country have short-wave facilities and the number of American-born listeners to German broadcasts is now estimated at somewhere between 150,000 and 300,000. Dr. Goebbels' foreign-born audience is considerably greater. Selected excerpts from these broadcasts are reprinted in the 100-odd pro-Nazi German-language newspapers in this country and in the pamphlets distributed by the German Library of Information. Listening groups in German sections gather around loudspeakers tuned in to Berlin or Hamburg to hear the voices of the fatherland. Moreover, radio is an ideal vehicle for transmitting to Nazi sympathizers in this country confusion propaganda for wholesale distribution. The German Propaganda Ministry can tell its friends in America exactly what to say and how to say it. From the source and fountain head of the Nazi Gospel, the little men now receive a constant stream of new ideas, new slogans — and sometimes *orders*.

The Nazi radio campaign against the United States falls broadly into two phases. The first, from the outbreak of war until the German

Blitzkrieg in the West, was mainly devoted to acquiring a following and gaining its sympathy and confidence. Even the propagandist of Nihilism must first use persuasion to produce in his audience the state of mind which makes it vulnerable to the strategy of disintegration. Germany's first tactic of persuasion was to use speakers with a good knowledge of American life and patterns of thought, who addressed their hearers in the friendly, colloquial style of our own domestic broadcasters.

Chief of Berlin's "North American" division is Fred Kaltenbach, known to short-wave listeners as "Lord Hee-Haw" (America's equivalent of Britain's Lord Haw-Haw). Kaltenbach, who speaks with an agreeable midwestern drawl, was born and bred in Waterloo, Iowa, and spent the greater part of his life in this country. In the World War he enlisted in the U. S. Army and rose to the rank of Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery, but never saw active service. Four years ago, Kaltenbach made a pilgrimage to Germany, which he terms "my mother," while America is his "sweetheart." He received a Ph.D. from the University of Berlin, married a German girl on the staff of one of Goering's aviation magazines, and joined the Ministry of

Propaganda. In May, 1939, he paid a short visit to this country, addressed Waterloo Rotarians on the virtues of the Nazi regime, and was acidly advised to "go back *there* if you like it so much." Fred went, and stayed.

Kaltenbach's right-hand man is one E. D. Ward, in private life Edward Leopold Delaney, of Glenview, Illinois. This self-styled "Irish-American" was formerly a ham actor, press agent, pulp writer, and barker for a burlesque show, who spent most of his life in and around Manhattan or playing stock in the provinces. Other regular Berlin speakers are Dr. Otto Koischwitz, who sometimes uses the pseudonyms "Dr. Anders" and "Mr. O. K.," and was for fourteen years professor of German at Hunter College, and Constance Drexel, an American woman, introduced as "a Philadelphia heiress and socialite." Her function is to disarm listeners with polite small-talk about the social activities of Americans still in the Reich.

These speakers make a special point of emphasizing their "Americanism." They refer to themselves as "this American," and when speaking of "the Germans" assume the pose of semidetached observers. The language they use is a folksy, idiomatic brand of American, gen-

erously studded with Lincolnian homilies. Talks and commentaries are slanted for people of all tastes and levels of culture. For the less educated Kaltenbach and his team present dialogues and dramatic skits, for the serious-minded elaborately documented lectures. Berlin studies its listeners with the thoroughness of a professional psychologist.

II

During the period of military stalemate in Europe, vilification of Britain took first place on German broadcasts to the U. S. A. The varied and manifold vices of the British were lumped together under the comprehensive epithet of "Britality" — a subject to which Berlin returned on every program. Britain's "brazen and outrageous" violations of neutral rights, the "disgusting hypocrisy" of the British in claiming to have moral war aims, the ingenuity of the British "in evolving new forms of depravity" — all these were cited as typical examples of "Britality." It is not surprising, the German radio declared, "that Britain has never produced a Lincoln. . . . The British gentleman, when exposed in his true colors, turns out to be nothing but an unscrupulous

brute." On one occasion, it suited a Nazi spokesman to describe the English as "a nation of small shopkeepers arguing about everything." Another time, Britain was "the old spinster among nations" who "lives, works, and fights for the well-being of her plutocracy." On a third occasion, the old witch, magically transformed into a fair young man, had become "the Casanova among nations, the international Don Juan, standing under the windows of the United States making violent love to the Yankee girl."

Great ingenuity was shown by Nazi broadcasters when they turned to their second major theme: Anglo-American friction through the ages. Listeners were reminded:

Britain is your greatest competitor in foreign markets. . . . Britain is lawlessly seizing American mail to gain access to American business secrets. . . . Britain is organizing a widespread system of espionage on American soil. . . . Britain sacrificed American citizens on board the *Athenia* in order to get a new ally. . . . English contempt for American culture is too well-known to deserve comment.

The perennial moral was that America should do absolutely nothing to assist "the most corrupt and sinister dictatorship the world has ever seen."

Against all this was set the image of an enlightened Germany, dis-

tinguished by youthful vigor, industry, and an admirable system of social justice, a Germany friendly to America and all things American. The Berlin radio assured American listeners that the seizure of the Polish Corridor was in no way different from the annexation of Texas and New Mexico in 1846, and likened the conception of *Lebensraum* to the Monroe Doctrine. Appealing to the left-wing section of its audience, who had been previously informed that in Nazi Germany "there are no slums and tenement districts," Berlin pictured the Reich as fighting for "a solidified European system instead of the arbitrary profiteering of capitalist interests."

"America has nothing to fear from Germany," the Reichsender took pains to reiterate during this first period, and multiplied its protestations of respect and affection for Americans. A series of talks was devoted to the glorification of America's great historic figures. A taxi driver was brought to the microphone to say: "We love America and Americans and shall miss the American crowds when we hold our next summer music festival," and Fred Kaltenbach assured "the folks back home in Iowa" that "a German victory is no threat to American democracy. At

bottom there is far greater similarity between American democracy and National Socialism than there is between old-fashioned English class distinction and Americanism."

Such was the policy of the German radio drive on America in the initial seven months, before this country embarked on its policy of "all aid to Britain short of war." Then Germany launched its *Blitzkrieg* against the Low Countries and the United States increased its material aid to the Allies. The Nazi radio thereupon began the second phase of its drive — a large-scale radio psychological offensive designed to undermine Americans' faith in the leadership, policy and institutions of their nation. To camouflage their destructive nihilistic criticism, Berlin speakers continued to employ for the most part a tone of bluff geniality.

The basically "moral" appeal of the first months was now abandoned in favor of an appeal to "Yankee horse sense" and economic self-interest. A frank and jovial cynicism replaced Berlin's former piety. "It's good business to be on good terms with the winner" became the *Leitmotif* of German broadcasts to America. On this theme Berlin elaborated as follows:

It is sheer folly to bet on the wrong horse in a race where the stakes are as big as those in this competition are. Germany is going to win the war. Why not face the facts and make up to the winner? Why quarrel with the dominant power in Europe at a time when that power not only has tremendous allies but is slated to play the leading commercial part on the continent after the war? Self-interest should prompt the American people to get ready to capitalize on the big trade boom coming to Europe after peace is made.

Part and parcel of this policy has been a resolute campaign against the Administration's efforts "to institute a system of purely Pan-American economics." In language grimly reminiscent of German broadcasts to England during the Polish crisis of August, 1939, Germany insisted on her right to trade with South America, and attacked what it termed Cordell Hull's "Cartel Plan." The German radio declared:

The United States will have to renounce the idea of interfering with the trade that Germany is carrying on with Latin America. . . . Europe will not accept American economic exploitation as a substitute for London domination. The rest of the world does not depend on the United States but the United States depends on the rest of the world. . . . Germany cannot be blamed if she takes her business elsewhere.

While calling for American economic cooperation with Hitler's "New Order," the German radio

insisted upon a political Monroe Doctrine for Europe:

If Europe is ready to respect the Monroe Doctrine, is it too much to expect the United States to refrain from interfering in the affairs of Europe? Germany agrees that what the United States does in Mexico and Central America and how she treats her Negro subjects is her own business. How about more reciprocity in this respect?

Invariably Nazi broadcasters concluded with Hitler's dictum: "America for the Americans, Europe for the Europeans." Several times, however, the writer heard direct assaults on the Monroe Doctrine. "If there had always existed a Monroe Doctrine," argued the German radio on one occasion, "there would never have been a United States. Conditions change from time to time and frontiers must be left to change with them." It then went on to discuss openly "the ultimate division of territory in America."

To encourage a policy of appeasement, the German radio is now approaching its listeners with a characteristic mixture of threats and reassurances. It warns them that "America is the isolated exponent of a system that has gone down to defeat," reminds them that large-scale rearmament takes years to complete, and hints darkly

at "a German invasion" and "a German economic *Blitzkrieg*." On the same day, however, sometimes on the same program, a Nazi spokesman will blandly assert:

Germany has no designs on the American continent — and you know it. Even if she did have, it would be physically impossible for her to cross that little body of water known as the Atlantic Ocean.

III

All this time, the offensive against Americans, the American Government, and the American way of life has been developing all along the line. Berlin complains of American "diplomatic blundering" and "irresponsible diplomats," and speaks bitinglly of Washington's "coterie of calamity warriors." (Exactly the same terms were applied by Berlin in the past to the governments of Czechoslovakia, Poland, France, and England.) The German radio claims that Britain was "encouraged" to declare war by the promises of America, and was then betrayed. "England," said a Nazi speaker recently, "is the Poland of U. S. interventionists." And he went on to accuse this country of having "deliberately engineered" the downfall of the British Empire "in order to take it over and eventually dominate the whole world.

... Help to Britain is a mask for titanic imperialist plans." Also:

The liquidation of the British Empire and the bankruptcy of British feudalism so far seem to be working out as the most gigantic business deal the United States has ever closed. Britain would do well to give in to Germany rather than be left at the mercy of the United States imperialists.

In the next breath, however, Berlin roundly accuses the Administration of seeking "to crash the war without an invitation," and asserts in this connection that "there are certain vital facts Washington officialdom is concealing from the public." The American people are warned — as were the peoples of Poland, France, Norway, Belgium, and Holland — that "alien elements are administering your policy and diplomacy . . . the real enemies of the United States are in the service of the Government."

Americans themselves are coming in for a good deal of harsh criticism. They are now accused of being "believers in class distinctions," "loafing around drug stores," "suffering from a money mania," or "clinging to old forms and wilfully shutting their eyes to new developments." They are censured for allowing their young to be "perverted by the movies." They are ridiculed for being "more than

50 per cent superstitious — because you live in fear." The Reichsender complains bitterly that "privately-owned American short-wave stations" are broadcasting "twisted and false reports about Germany," and Berlin speaks of the "pure British" attitude of America's "Jewish-plutocratic" press.

The anti-Semitic campaign on German broadcasts to America is now approaching a pitch of hysteria. As many as three or four talks a week are devoted to urging Americans to banish or "quarantine" the Jews in this country. Other groups against whom Berlin is assiduously working to foment hatred are industrialists, financiers, and the wealthy classes in general — "who enjoy an easy life through speculation," Berlin tells its listeners.

As the Nazi radio campaign to stir up civil war in America gathers in intensity, more and more ballyhoo is thrown in to camouflage the real "bombs for the mind." British aviators are accused of "deliberately" seeking to destroy the American Embassy in Berlin. The Duke of Windsor is to be Viceroy of the United States when this country is united with Britain. Americans are said to be "malevolently encouraging their young men to offend Germany." And yet,

the German radio asserts sorrowfully, the Reich is only fighting "to make the world safe for U. S. mails." Pan-Germanism, the Reichsender explains innocently, is "only a defensive device. There would be no pro-Germans in the U. S. if there were no pro-English . . . the German element in America is the only genuinely neutral and patriotic one." Dorothy Thompson is berated because, "contrary to thousands of other women," she does not consider Hitler handsome. America's "dynamic democracy" is sneeringly referred to as DD, which, says Berlin, "might also mean 'damned dumb.'" A Nazi broadcaster goes on to talk of the "Sixth Column — the goofy guys who believe in the Fifth Column." Another complains that "A Dachs-hund was tortured and blinded by children in South Dakota — because of its German name." These are but a few of the extravagant fantasia that serve as camouflage for the dynamite in German broadcasts, and at the same time attract listeners with a taste for whimsy.

In the place of what it is working to destroy, the German radio purposely leaves a vacuum. It does not suggest that Americans should adopt the Nazi way of life. Its propaganda for American neutrality is balanced by bitter assertions

that America is already in the enemy camp. Only one positive doctrine emerges: the doctrine of race hatred and class warfare. For the common people of America the German radio has a message which, stripped of all trimmings, is essentially communistic, while to business men and property owners it speaks blandly in terms of profits and dividends. The poor are encouraged to hate the rich, the rich to fear the poor. The ideals and traditions of rich and poor alike are assailed by an all-corroding cynicism fatal to national unity.

Group warfare as forerunner of anarchy — that is the ultimate objective of German propaganda. To confuse, divide, and terrify the people of America as the people of France were confused, divided, and terrified is the goal of German short-wave broadcasts to the United States. In radio Germany has found the most effective weapon yet forged for the psychological dislocation of its enemies through confusion propaganda. In an age in which ideas have enslaved peoples, overthrown governments, and paralyzed armies safely entrenched behind fortifications of steel and concrete, radio, as used by the Nazis, is a formidable instrument for "world conquest through world revolution."

DO YOU WANT TO BE A WHITE MAN?

A Story

By LOUIS PAUL

A SWEATING sun, raw-edged, burned into the damp plowed earth and caked it into clods. The melody of laughter, black laughter, rang out over the fields. The sky was pale with the dazzling spring sunshine. Over in the northwest pasture a saddle mule, crazy with energy, raced his fool head off. Old Jack, a stooped and grizzled Negro, looked up from his fence mending, pushed back his battered straw, and fixed his attention on the crazy mule for a moment. "Them which hates wuk 'n' won't do wuk 'n' too lazy fo' wuk is de one pile up too much en'gy. Thass a truf, mule," he mumbled philosophically.

A big barrel-chested black man, naked to the waist, dug the blade of his plow in and brought his animal to a halt beside Old Jack. Perspiration streamed down his body, saturating the drawers that stuck up out of his denim pants.

"Hi, Ole Jack. Whut you mum'lin' to yo'se'f 'bout?" he grinned, chucking the reins and

stepping between the furrows for a breathing spell.

"Who mum'lin'?"

"You mum'lin', Ole Jack."

"I mum'lin' philosophy 'bout that crazy-runnin' mule, is you so persistent to know. Anybody got de en'gy t' caper in disyar sun is lazy folks."

"Never 'cuse dat granboy o' youn bein' lazy folks," Jed smiled. "He off 'ventin' again, reckon. Does Mistuh Jackson fine out he lazin' some place he git his bones bust, sho-nuff."

Old Jack shook his white head dolefully. "Dat Slimmy be d' death o' me. Well, you better go awn 'bout yo' plowin', sinner," he added. "Mistuh Jackson ketch you loafin' he goin' to bust yo' bones in de bargain."

"Got to res' dis animal once in twile, Ole Jack," Jed laughed, picking up the reins. "Geed!"

The sun swung down from the sky as though it were driving chariots. It dug into the winter

fat of a group of men and women planting, clawing at their clean cotton shirts.

"Oh, whut make d' sun so hot?" sang someone, not asking, but chanting.

"De Lo'd make d' sun so hot!" cried a little thin woman, the sweat beginning to stain through her blue smock.

They took up the game. "An' why do de Lo'd make d' sun 'so hot?"

"To birth de crops."

"Oh, why do de crops got to be birth?"

A beautiful baritone raised itself above the chanted antiphony, singing:

De Lo'd make d' sun to shine so hot,
'Case d' sun make d' seed to birth;
De crop gonna come t' feed God's folk,
So de folk kin wuk de yearth.

This verse was sung offhand, without hesitation. Several voices repeated the lilt, delighted.

"Whereat dat doggone Slimmy git to?" interrupted a tall deep-throated man, his high black temples touched with gray.

"Slimmy! Whereat Slimmy git to?" someone repeated.

"Don' see 'im, Mistuh Jackson."

Mistuh Jackson, the deep-throated man, shook his big head. "I kotch dat loafer, gonna break his bones!"

"Look out, Slimmy," they said to themselves. "Mistuh Jackson gonna bust yo' bones."

The big gray-templed plantation foreman shook himself angrily. "Git awn back to wuk an' nemmine Slimmy. I take care dat loafer when I kotch 'im."

"Maybe Slimmy's 'ventin' somepin new," it was suggested.

"I 'vent somepin new to bust his bones, soon's I katches 'im," said the foreman. "Git awn back to wuk."

Slimmy's absence could be simply explained. He sat on a stool underneath the shed in the far pasture, his spindly legs struck at right angles from his thin body. Spread upon a rickety table before him were various vials and bottled concoctions of red and deep purple and yellow and gray. Slimmy's eyes were concentrated upon a cracked bowl into which he had poured several of these liquids. A tattered manual lay open at his side. He picked up a pencil and made several crosses against a list he had scrawled in round illiterate letters. There was the light of the alchemist in his brown eyes, on his flat black features the penetrating intensity of a pure scientist; his wide lips were creased with the emotion of an African medicine man.

As he stirred into his mixture a few drops of another ingredient the sweat poured off his brow and streaked his cheeks into shiny black mirrors. The minutes widened into hours. A cricket had got into a beam of the shed and his constant musical *ceerrp* penetrated Slimmy's consciousness until it seemed like the pounding of a hammer. *Eerrp* — yes — *ceerrp* — yes — *ceerrp* — yes! I gonna git it dis time, sho-nuff. *Eerrp, ceerrp, ceerrp*. I — gonna — git — it!

At last the concoction seemed to have been brewed to Slimmy's satisfaction. The moment paused; the earth's movement stopped to permit him to make the test. Slimmy and the earth held their breath as he carefully dipped a ball of cotton into the mixture, clenched his fist and held out the back of his hand stiffly before him. He drew a quick swab across the coffee-colored skin. A metamorphosis slowly took place. Slimmy's stark eyeballs stared out of their sockets. Where the cotton had rubbed his hand a white streak had been left, a curious albino white. He rubbed his hand on his overalls, but the white stain remained.

His fingers trembled as he poured the remainder of the liquid into a large cough-medicine bottle and screwed on the stopper. Inside

him a voice struggled to be released, a shrieking ecstasy at his success. But, with the dignity of the medicine man, he managed to keep his elation under control. He'd show Mistuh Jackson jes' who beed d' brain-man o' disyar outfit. Yassuh. Mistuh Jackson think twict befo' he git high-horsin' wid Slimmy, de big 'ventor. Dis 'vention mus' be wuth one thousan' or three million dollars, cash, he reckoned. Ev'y nigger this side Affica pay any 'mount o' money fo' bottle disyar medicine. Gone haff to built 'im a two-study fact'ry jes' to supply colored folk in dis county — a two-study fact'ry wit' machin'ry in 'im like cotton-gin, all compelcated, fo' t' mix de brew. Maybe Slimmy sell 'im cheaper by d' bar'l, wholesale.

The sun had gone over and twined its yellow beams around the pines. The golden afternoon light painted the tall needled branches of the trees in colors that resembled the liquids in Slimmy's bottles. Day sho pass rapid when person 'ventin' things, he speculated. When person pushin' down hannels o' de plow seem like de hours all got kotch in a 'possum trap. In his vast joy over the completion of his invention he permitted a song to bubble up out of his lips as he trudged over the hilly pasture:

If de worl' wuz made o' co'n cake,
An' grits wit' bacon grease,
I'd eat me six or seven states
T' give dis stummick peace.
If de worl' wuz made o' cow meat,
Wit' steak and chops an' stuff,
I'd eat me Spain an' Affica,
Befo' I had enough.

Oh — my stummick's like d' ocean,
It's deeper dan a well;
I got to eat a peck o' things
Befo' it gits t' swell.

If de worl' wuz made o' poke chops —

He heard his name come halloo-
ing from the distance.

Specs thass Mistuh Jackson ridin'
up awn his high-horse, he sighed.
Mistuh Jackson, he awright. Jes'
ain' got no 'magination. Slimmy
studied the shadows that the pines
cast. His song had reminded him of
victuals and made him hungry. I go
foolin' round them plantin' folks
an' Mistuh Jackson gonna gimme
sack and put me to wuk, sho as de
Spinks is in Affica. I git wukkin',
my belly gonna git hongrier dan
ever, 'sides which Mistuh Jackson
gonna maybe bust my bones a little
fo' me. Dey's one cure fo' dose
troubles all at once, he thought, an'
dey ain' no use bein' too anxious
'bout tellin' d' secret o' my new
'vention; better when ev'ybody
gather round fo' singin' after sup-
per. Slimmy took the cure; he
made for the creek in the hollow,
where he flung himself under a
shade tree and promptly fell asleep.

II

Sister Diggers, her belly pouting
like a huge blister on an automobile
tire, was stewing a great pot of
turnips over an open fire. The wet
pine kindling crackled and ex-
ploded, shooting gummed sparks
about, as the resin oozed out and
flamed up. The air was acrid with
pungent smoke and turnip steam.
Slimmy, down in the hollow,
smelled this turnip steam. Turnip
steam could waken Slimmy faster
than the pressure of Mistuh Jack-
son's boot. His nose shot prickling
sensations all over his body. He
kicked the kinks out of his legs,
felt for his bottle of 'vention,
examined his hand to see if the
stain had worn off, and started up
the slope. The pale mark was in-
delibly there. The sun had set
redly. He followed the trail of
turnip steam with his nose, as
unerringly as a good hound dog will
scent a fox.

"Disyar bring 'um home f'om de
fiel's, Janury," Sister Diggers said
to the little naked youngster who
crawled around in the dirt and ate
the yellow flowers off dandelion
weeds. "Disyar bring 'um in."

She could hear Mistuh Jackson's
beagle in the distance, his sharp
cracking barks announcing the re-
turn of the field hands.

"Hyar dey is, Miz Podie," she called in a shrill voice.

Mistuh Jackson and Slimmy met each other in front of Sister Diggers' turnip pot by mutual discovery. Slimmy leaped lithely away in a cat's contortion, but Mistuh Jackson's markmanship could have brought down a panther at that range. His booted foot caught Slimmy where he'd aimed, and Slimmy felt as though he had been branded with a hot iron.

"Mistuh Jackson bustin' young Slimmy's bones!"

Slimmy tore all over the clearing, the muscular gray-haired man after him.

"Now — Wait jere, Mistuh . . . Jackson!" Slimmy panted. "I — I . . . got uh new 'vention hyeah — Don' do it, Mistuh Jackson!"

Mistuh Jackson paused long enough to pick up a big half-burnt stick, after which he resumed his chase. Old Jack came in riding Big Jed's animal. "Whut goin' awn hyeah?"

"Mistuh Jackson gonna bust Slimmy's bones. Slimmy done been 'ventin' somepin new."

The foreman was winded by this time. "I kotch dat lazy no-brain granboy o' yourn, Ole Jack, he won' have no appetite fo' nothin' but ointmint."

"Here. Come awn hyeah. Right

jar," Old Jack said to Slimmy. The order was imperative. Slimmy slunk up to the spot Old Jack was pointing at, but his eyes blazed defiantly. Old Jack shook his patriarchal head. "Whut you mean 'ventin' whilst de sowin' season is awn?" he demanded.

Slimmy's words stumbled behind his intelligence. "When de 'ventin' mood is awn, suh, cain't noway be denied. Like — like religion in de system. Ain' no way de 'ventin' mood kin be put off, not ifn Mistuh Jackson gonna bust ev'y one my bones d' nex' minute."

"Whut you bin 'ventin' dis time?"

"De bigges' 'vention ever in de worl', dass whut."

The little community had, by this time, all gathered around the speakers. Slimmy was something of an inventor. He had invented a two-sided hoe, a transparent window paper, a potion that took the sting out of wasp bites. You ain't never tell whut-all young Slimmy come up wit' nex' when de 'ventin' mood were upon 'im. On'y thing, Slimmy sometime got mighty lax and made up that the 'ventin' mood were upon 'im when he bin sleepin' all day long down in the holler by the crick.

Slimmy had wanted to wait until darkness had fallen before he re-

vealed the nature of his invention. There was myst'ry at night when de fires was alight an' de pink flames danced in de shadows o' de dark pines and you could hear de conjur-voices ifn yo' listened hard enough. This wuz conjur-'vention, sho-nuff, and he wanted to dramatize properly its enormous importance. Old Jack was staring him in the eye, however; Mistuh Jackson still gripped the half-burnt stick tightly, and the whole group stood flatfooted, waiting.

He stepped back and thrust out his closed fist. "See dat mark?" he said, looking around from one to the other.

"Whut yo' do, Slimmy — burn yo'se'f?"

"Whut make it, Slimmy?"

"Is dat a 'vention?"

He let them wonder for a minute.

"Whut all dis nonsense?" cried Mistuh Jackson. "Lemme beat dis no-brain boy's bones in pieces, Ole Jack."

"Dis ain' nonsense, Mistuh Jackson," said Slimmy. "I got a medicine 'vention in disyar bottle."

"Whut it good fo'? Whut it do?"

"It kin make you all over like disyar!" Slimmy held up the bottle like the torch in the arm of the Statue of Liberty, exhibiting his hand. "Yassuh," he pronounced.

"Dis medicine kin make — you — inter — a — white — man!"

A shocked murmur ran through the Negroes; their voices crooned down in their throats. They stepped back slowly, leaving Slimmy in the center of an enlarged circle. Old Jack's deep-sunken eyes widened and shone fire. "Whut you say, boy? Whut you say dar?"

Slimmy shook his head. "Yassuh. Ain' no lie. Dis medicine kin turn nigger white. I prove it. Come over hyeah, Janury."

"No — No, you don't!" exclaimed Sister Diggers, snatching up the dirty naked child as though the devil had made a grab for him.

"I prove it," said Slimmy. "Don' hu't none. Jes' turn yo' skin inter white. Das some 'vention, gonna make me two thousan' or a million dollars. Ev'y nigger in de worl' gonna buy one dese bottles my white medicine, yassuh. Who wanna be spearimint wit' dis 'vention?"

Silence greeted Slimmy's words. Everyone stared, aghast.

Old Jack broke the spell. "Why ain't yo' try it awn yo'se'f, Slimmy?"

"Das whut!" cried another.

"Sho, Slimmy. Try it awn yo'se'f, like Ole Jack say."

Slimmy wrinkled his brow. "I — Well, I . . . heah, cain't yo' see I

spearimint wit' myse'f? Is you 'fraid?"

"All over!" shouted someone. "All over, Slimmy. You be de fuss. You 'vented it. Make yo'se'f all over white, like you 'vented it fo'. Den you kin be big white 'ventor."

The crowd now closed in on Slimmy. Suddenly he was frightened. Old Jack grabbed the bottle. Slimmy shrank before the intent gaze of his neighbors.

"Stan' back, folks," said Old Jack solemnly. "Disyar granboy o' mine bin 'ventin' hisse'f moughty proud t'day whilst de plain people be out in d' fiel's, sowin' crops. So now we gonna try out de 'vention. Git hole him, Big Jed. Hole 'im tight. We gonna make Slimmy inter white man."

Slimmy let out an ungodly shriek and tried to free himself from the iron hold of the powerful Jed.

"Hole 'im tight, Jed. Git me rag, somebody. We gonna make somepin on'y de Lo'd kin do heretofore."

"No, Ole Jack!" Slimmy screamed. "Don' do it!"

Old Jack smiled. "Which you rudder, Slimmy? Git made a white man wit' yo' own 'vention?" He paused. "Or let Mistuh Jackson break yo' bones fo' lazin' outn de sowin'? Speak up, lest I make

up my mine 'fo' you does!"

"I rudder Mistuh Jackson break my bones, Ole Jack," Slimmy cried, trembling. His face was ashen gray.

Old Jack dashed the cough-medicine bottle against a rock. Its peculiar pinkish liquid discolored the weeds as it splashed on the ground.

"Take 'im back de woods an' break his bones, Mistuh Jackson," said Old Jack. "Break 'em a little gentle dis time, 'case I don' think Slimmy bad boy at heart." He spoke to Slimmy. "You gone let de Lo'd be d' conjur-man aroun' hyeah f'om now awn?"

"Yassuh. Yassuh, Ole Jack!" Slimmy nodded violently.

"Well, break his bones gentle-like dis time, Mistuh Jackson, so he ain't too bust up to he'p de sowin' tomorrer," Old Jack grinned.

They began to disperse, suddenly glad with laughter. Old Jack walked over to Sis Diggers' turnip pot. "Here de magic I gonna conjur myse'f wit'."

Soon a sharp set of yells set up in the distance. A hound dog barked sharply, looking startled. Old Jack laughed. "Break his bones gentle, dough, Mistuh Jackson," he mumbled to himself. "Break 'em gentle-like, 'case dat Slimmy my granboy, an' he jes' little crazy when de 'ventin' moods is on 'im."

► *A Bellevue Hospital interne sees
a great city's life in the raw.*

AMBULANCE DOCTOR

As Told to RACKHAM HOLT

As I entered the tenement room, a dozen hysterical Italians screamed at me, "She's-a gonna die, Doctor! She's-a gonna die." "She" was an eight-year-old girl in convulsions — blue, obviously getting no oxygen, choked by a ball of food lodged in the windpipe. I had no time to fish in my bag for an instrument, but snatched a shoe horn from a bureau to keep her from biting off my fingers. I had just pried her mouth open when I noticed that the father was half out of the window. I yelled to a sister to haul him in. Then I smelled gas. The mother, moaning that she did not want to live any longer, had stuck her head in the oven. I grabbed the little girl and hustled her down to the ambulance. Pete, the driver, slammed his foot on the gas while his hand worked the bell. We lurched over cobbles, screamed around corners and wove figure eights around the posts of the elevated railroad. Suddenly the child shuddered, and up came the bolus. The rough ride in the ambulance had done the trick.

I like to remember that wild driving once helped somebody because it scares me every time. I usually lie down on our way to a call; it's safer, I think, in case of crash. But risks to driver and interne are less important to us than saving minutes. We have right of way over everything but fire engines and the U. S. Mail, and the mail trucks never stand on the letter of their rights when they hear our gong. Taxis have a practiced agility in dodging and our collisions are usually with delivery wagons or private cars.

We newly graduated physicians compete eagerly for the chance thus to risk our necks for microscopic pay. We are the young men in white you see in the careening ambulances in your home town. It so happens I am one of 250 young M.D.'s now serving internships at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, where we all, even the twenty women among us, have to take turns "riding the bus," or, as the street kids call it, "the butcher wagon." Our experience

is the same as that of internes anywhere; it is merely intensified in the biggest hospital in the world's biggest city. Hair-raising as it is to slam through city traffic at breakneck speed, it is worth it for the variety of experience we get.

Baby calls, for instance. One evening I got a call to a taxi parked alongside the Chrysler Building in midtown. A woman who had waited too long had clambered into it for last-minute refuge. A crowd of bystanders was intensely interested. I had only the dim light of the taxi interior to work by. It was cramped quarters and bitter cold, as it always seems to be at such times. I had to take off my coat to wrap the baby, whereupon a fan in the audience exclaimed, "You suttinly done a beautiful piece-a-work there, Doc!" And quick as it had been, a tabloid photographer came bounding up shouting, "Hold that just a second, Doc!"

This was my most narrow escape from having a birth in the ambulance. According to time-honored custom, if you "get stuck on the bus" you have to stand a barrel of beer for the doctors and nurses on your division. Such parties are rare. More often, you are met at the door of a tenement with the news that the baby has arrived

without your help. You are offered a glass of wine in celebration. You take it, wipe the baby's eyes with silver nitrate, look after the mother, and phone the hospital from the nearest police call box to find out if there are other matters of life and death in the neighborhood. It might save you a trip.

I remember a call once to the apartment of a young girl. I attended to the birth, then held out the infant: "Mother, here's your baby." "No," the girl moaned, and turned her face to the wall. I pieced out the story. She was from Kansas. She had come to the big city and found a job, and also the baby's father. He had run out on her. She had made no preparations, there was not a diaper, not even a shirt, in the room. I packed them both into the ambulance. Just then that young mother was capable of infanticide. It was my business to see that nothing of that sort happened.

Bellevue is seriously overcrowded. The ambulance surgeon must make his own decisions as to which patients to bring in and which can be safely treated on the spot. He dreads the razzing he will get from his colleagues if he makes the mistake of one interne new to the bus who brought in a stillborn baby because the law said it must go to

the morgue — but left the mother home.

From time to time we find patients who should be hospitalized but refuse to go. I never saw a worse shambles than the spattered blood and smashed furniture in one apartment downtown. The occupant, a young man, had hit an old lady. Her son and a pal had come there with brass knuckles and baseball bats. He was horribly beaten up and I doubted whether he would survive. I splinted an arm fracture and prepared to roll him onto the stretcher. I could not tell just where his face began, but out of the bloody mess he mumbled, "I don't want to go to the hospital." "Why not?" "I might lose my job!"

Much more frequent than those who refuse hospitalization are the patients who demand care when they do not need it. It becomes the habit with certain "crocks" (chronics) to gain admission just before Thanksgiving and Christmas, because, as one old lady told me, "Bellevue sets such a nice table."

We run across some tough customers — and their work. A handsome young chap followed another fellow's girl to a hotel one night. As he went in, the suitor and two other men jumped him. They wanted to "fix that pretty face." They did. They were artists with

knives. Minor cuts are sewed up in the Emergency Ward but Handsome had to be taken to the operating room, where not one, but two teams worked over him, one on each side of the table. They started sewing at four in the morning and did not finish until eight-thirty.

Practically no distinction is made at Bellevue between men and women internes. Like the rest of us a woman interne may have to go in the middle of the night into one of the big condemned warehouses down by the river where bleary-eyed down-and-outers have taken refuge. They are apt to look suspiciously at her white uniform and question her authority as a doctor, but if she keeps a cool head the experience, though disagreeable, is not necessarily dangerous.

A cop must always be present at any admittance to the Psychopathic Ward, because the patient is not considered responsible and someone must sign for his belongings. A policeman's badge number is on the chart of every bed. We take all cases of senility, drunks and attempted suicides to Psycho. Ninety out of 100 of the latter are fakes. If a young man gets himself all slicked up, slashes his wrist with a thick piece of glass, and then calls the doctor, he does not want to die. He wants to impress his girl.

Whenever the ambulance surgeon gets a call "on the street" and sees a crowd gathered he makes for the center of it because his best bet is that he will find his patient there. I answered one at Avenue A and Eighth Street, but when I got through the mob I saw only a man on a soap box making a political speech — vote for John! John was the best possible candidate for President. John was the people's choice. I asked the orator who "John" was and he said, "I am." I suggested that he had better climb in the bus and have a ride, and took him to Psycho. Half an hour later I had another call to the same locality. As we drew up a cop, who had arrived meanwhile, bawled, "What's the matter with the bus?" There was a man crumpled up in a doorway with a coronary thrombosis. He had been there all the time.

II

A "sick call" is usually at a definite address. I often wonder why they always seem to come from the fifth floor in the middle of the night. In many tenements it is impossible to get stretchers down the steep stairs and we have to use a chair to carry the patient. Once even this would not work. A 300-pound woman

living on the top floor had fallen and fractured her hip. Her leg was so enormous I could not get it into a splint. No stretchers would hold her, so we had to take off a door and lay her on that. No two men could lift her, no three men could get the door around the corners of the narrow staircase. I called the Police Emergency Squad, which tore down the banisters with saws and hatchets. We left a scene of wreckage.

The surgeon is thankful when an accident occurs indoors, away from the mistaken ministrations of bystanders. If it has been raining or snowing, the first kindly impulse of almost anyone is to move an injured person out of the weather. Actually, brief exposure is far less serious than any movement. Motion may compound a simple fracture — push the broken bone through the flesh and create an open wound.

About five one sleety morning, as I was returning from a call, I heard a crash. A woman had been hit by a taxi. The ambulance screeched to a stop and I ran back, but even at that early hour willing hands were already trying to lift her. She was moaning, "Oh, my back!" If I had not happened to be there, they would have jackknifed her and severed the spinal cord.

Even so, I had a bitter argument with would-be assistants who assured me she would get pneumonia if left in the rain. People can also do damage by treating burns at once instead of waiting for the doctor. Once I was summoned to the basement of a big department store. An explosion had sprayed blazing paint all over a workman. When I arrived fellow workers had already poured "sweet oil" over him. Much time was lost removing the oil before the burn could be properly treated.

In Harlem, a cop usually rides with the driver. There have been too many cases in which internes have been blackjacked in tenement halls. There's a hypodermic syringe in the doctor's bag, and any drug addict who owns a needle is king in his circle. Cops are handy to have around, but so are Bellevue drivers. They are examined in the geography of the city before they get their jobs, and they know every block — what kind of neighborhood it is and the quickest way to get there. Some of them have been at the wheel twenty years. Old timers still mourn that they "can't make no time since they took them sirens away from us" in an anti-noise campaign. They can splint a leg with the best of the internes — even instruct the newcomers. And

above all, they are eager volunteers when help is needed in a fight.

One midnight I was called to an East Side address to see a child with a cough. At that moment a prowler car came along and one of the cops joined me, leaving the other in the street with my driver. Suddenly a fight broke out. A couple of boys of nineteen or twenty were beating up a man. The ambulance driver pitched in with the cop. My cop rushed in, too, and between them they strong-armed the boys into submission. Later that evening I answered a call to the precinct house. The boys were considerably cut, but they were still tough. "No lousy doc is going to sew us up!" I got mad and said, "I'm tough, too. I was sent here to sew you up and I'm going to!" And I told the policemen to get them ready. Convinced, the boys let me treat their wounds. But the moment everything was shipshape, they pulled off the bandages and threw them on the floor. I saw them once more, on the way to the prison ward at Bellevue. They were cowed at last. The first one had been out on parole, but this time his sentence was seventeen years.

The district served by Bellevue is not only tough, but often malodorous. Late one night I answered a call to East Houston Street. The

superintendent of the building met me and said he had just served dispossess papers on a man, but thought he was sick. He offered to take me up. The room was a mess. It smelled pretty bad — but that might have been the butcher shop downstairs. Empty bottles were strewn about and a drunk was sitting at a table. Lying on a cot in the corner was another man, and I went over to him. In one hand across his chest were the dispossess papers. The superintendent asked, "What's the matter with him, Doc?" "He's dead." The drunk at the table lifted his head. "So that's why he wouldn't speak to me for the last two days." I made out a Dead On Arrival slip and called the coroner. Any DOA is depressing. Once at a drug store fountain I found a woman of about sixty and her daughter supporting a man between them. I had to tell them that the husband and father was dead. There is no way to soften such a blow.

And you do not feel happy about mistakes, either. Many Bellevue patients speak no English. One elderly Chinese whom I was called to see said, through his daughter-in-law, who interpreted for me, that he had a pain in his belly, and had had it for eight days. Though nothing serious was obvious, I asked

him to come to the hospital for a check-up. He started to walk down the stairs, and died of a coronary.

To Bellevue belongs not only the honor of being the first hospital in America — founded in 1658 when New Amsterdam was a village — but also of having been the first in the world to inaugurate an ambulance service. The proposal came in 1869 from a staff member, Dr. Edward B. Dalton, who had won fame in the Civil War for his efficiency in transporting thousands of wounded from battlefields to treatment stations. Why not, he urged, similarly transport to the hospitals the halt and the lame?

It took the first horse-and-buggy ambulances only 30 seconds, by the use of a "drop" harness, to start off on a call, but to cover a mile in the crowded parts of the city required from five to eight minutes. Standard medical equipment consisted of bandages, tourniquets, a quart of brandy and a vial of persulphate of iron — then presumed to be an antiseptic. After a short experience in treating the indigent but indignant, the hospital added "hand-cuffs and a strait jacket for insane patients, or patients of a demonstrative disposition."

Cooperation between the hospital and police is very close. Most calls come through the precinct

house. Even if they do not, every call is a matter of police record, and the bus dispatcher must notify the station. The ambulance surgeon has the rank of police lieutenant, so that whenever necessary he can order patrolmen to help him.

Every three-alarm fire is considered an emergency, and a city ambulance rolls to the spot. News of an explosion or similar disaster sends twenty experienced internes and as many nurses to the scene, while in Bellevue itself the Emergency Ward is prepared for the influx. There is no shortage of material or personnel in Emergency. For that matter, you could make the rounds of the specialists of New York, and rent yourself the most expensive of private rooms, and get no better diagnosis or treatment.

To say that Bellevue ambulances average 125 calls a day implies a regularity that does not exist. There are approximately 45,000 calls a year, but the peaks and valleys of activity are extreme. There are almost twice as many calls in winter as in summer.

Such incidents as I have told here are really the breaks in a routine. Much of the time, the

ambulance surgeon is personal, but free, physician to the poor. He likes people, he likes to practice his art. This, after all, is why he chose the profession. When very young, he has thought of himself as becoming the Great Healer. Maybe he never quite loses that picture. His job is to treat the sick. He willingly attends cut fingers which might become infected, or stomach aches which might turn out to be appendicitis, or coughs which might develop into pneumonia. But he does gripe about being called at three in the morning by a woman who cries, "I dreamed I was going to be sick, Doctor," or a man who has a headache and wants an aspirin.

The last word is when after almost twenty-four hours of grind on the "butcher wagon," as the street kids call it, he climbs wearily at six o'clock in the morning up four flights of stairs to a tenement kitchen. Through the door come the screams of a child. The ambulance surgeon enters. "Is this the patient?" he asks, looking at the red-faced, howling five-year-old. "See, Sammy!" exclaims Mamma triumphantly. "I *told* you I'd send for the Doctor if you wouldn't eat your cereal!"



CLOSE-UP OF A COMMUNITY CHEST

By GREGORY J. LISTON

How much of the money that you and I contribute to charitable causes actually reaches its destination? One town — let's call it Central City — decided to find out by engaging five out-of-town social work authorities to investigate its Community Chest. The results of a four-week survey are amazing enough to merit national attention, since conditions revealed undoubtedly hold true for many other towns. To put it bluntly, the investigation revealed that Central City's humanitarian instincts were diverted primarily to support of a group of social workers, and the complicated, wasteful, ineffective social work machinery they had built. It disclosed that of each dollar contributed:

- 58 cents went for salaries;
- 3½ cents paid for administrative supplies;
- 5 cents covered cost of agency quarters;
- 5½ cents went to utility companies;
- 5 cents defrayed costs of conventions, travel and dues to national organizations;
- 2 cents went for insurance premiums, taxes and interest;

- 5 cents bought food for charity cases;
- ¼ cent bought clothing;
- 1 cent paid household expenses;
- ¼ cent provided medical care;
- 4 cents went as direct aid to the needy;
- 2 cents paid for educational and entertainment activities;
- 8 cents covered "miscellaneous" items, among which there was not one strictly chargeable to "charity."

The city has 100,000 people, of whom 20,000 contributed a total of \$450,000 to various "worthy causes" in 1938. In so far as Central City is typical, therefore, you and I contributed \$22.50 on an average, to charity. The largest share of the total collected, one-third or \$150,000 — which is to say, \$7.50 of your contribution and mine — was turned over to the Community Chest. The ultimate beneficiaries, the needy people, actually received 11 per cent — 82½ cents of that \$7.50 — in food, clothing, household expenses, medical care, and direct aid.

From other sources, such as endowments, legacies, etc., the Community Chest obtained an addi-

tional \$30,000. With \$180,000 to spend for "charity," the Chest in fact disbursed \$159,100 to maintain their social workers and their machinery of operation, and \$20,900 for charity. The last fundraising campaign was known as the "Mobilization for Human Needs." But these bookkeeping facts leave considerable doubt as to the aptness of the slogan.

Seventy-four full-time and nine part-time employees are on the payroll of the Chest and member agencies. The Chest director draws \$5000 a year, the salary of the Central City mayor. A professional campaigner is paid a fee of \$4000 for conducting the annual fund drive. This is roughly \$1000 weekly for the time actually devoted to the drive, which is considerably more than any Central City resident earns.

Salaries of member agency employees ranged from \$720 to \$3600 annually, except for a few Negro domestic workers who received as little as \$3 weekly, plus meals, and in some agencies, lodging. Cash salary payments in 1938 totaled \$89,300, but actually \$100,200 must be charged to salaries because many employees receive lodging or meals or both. Salaries in the whole setup are invariably somewhat higher than for com-

parable positions in business. Vacations are much longer. And the only qualification of many, if not most, of these social workers is that they are "highly esteemed or genteel members of the community for whom some method of support had to be found," to use the words of a board member.

You might follow the staff members of the Visiting Nurses Association into homes of indigent sick and feel your money was well spent. The same is true of the nurses of the Tuberculosis Association. If you went into the Catholic orphanage and observed the deeds of the Sisters of Charity, who work without salaries, you would also be well satisfied with the destination of your contribution. But the same can hardly be said for most of the other employees. You would discover that they are simply feeders at the charity trough, and the real objects of your charity.

Administrative expenses dig deeply into the till. In the component agencies these follow fairly closely the expenditures in the Central Chest office, of which the following are typical examples: Campaign expenses totaled \$10,000. Included in the campaign budget was \$1650 for "miscellaneous help," despite the fact that

all campaign workers except the professional campaigner were supposedly volunteers. "Meeting expenses" during the campaign (hotel lunches for the solicitors) totaled \$1043. Other costs included: telephone and telegraph tolls, for a purely local enterprise, \$354; conference and travel, \$250; rent and utilities, \$600; printing and publications, \$650; national dues, \$250; postage, \$450; office supplies, \$750; "other campaign expenses" (this went to a publicity man but for some reason was concealed), \$365. Also there was an item of \$650 for "collection expense," in addition to more than \$1200 paid in commissions to two part-time collectors.

Considering the number of persons Chest agencies must maintain — mainly orphans and aged — expenditures for food, clothing, medical care, and household necessities are pathetically low. Food in most instances is cheap and poorly prepared. Children in orphanages are inadequately clothed. In one the investigating committee found that the children had to go barefooted even into the cold fall months and that their only shoes during the coldest winter months were ill-fitting cast-offs. Half of the buildings are in a bad state of repair, and are inadequately equipped. Floors are bare. Kitchens are

equipped with outmoded facilities. Dining rooms are without linens. The china and silver would be considered unfit for use in the average poor home.

II

Charity? Community betterment? Social uplift? These were the objectives, but the committee found that at least half of the agencies were falling far short of their goal. Mainly because of high cost and insignificant value of services rendered, the committee recommended: (1) abandonment of Goodwill Industries; (2) dissolution of Jewish Federated Charities, with their aid to Jewish transients to be administered by the Salvation Army; (3) expulsion from the Chest of a home for unmarried mothers because only three of the eighteen occupants were from Central City; (4) immediate closing of a home for working girls because it was nothing more than a boarding house which received an unjustified subsidy from charitable funds; (5) broadening of the scope of the Boy Scouts because at present they include only boys from homes "of the higher economic levels," and consequently do not merit their large share of charity funds; (6) drastic changes in the Girl Scouts, who also do not

reach into the lower economic strata; (7) discontinuance of free movies and dances at the Boys' Club, which are that agency's most expensive and least necessary activities. The committee also found that generally there was too much overlapping of agency activities, "lack of cooperation" between the agencies, mismanagement, inefficiency, extravagance, and endless squabbling over division of funds.

The self-taxation for worthy causes, of course, is over and above public taxation applied to humanitarian ends. The state Department of Public Welfare had sufficient tax funds — state and federal — to make the following assistance grants in Central City in 1938:

Old age assistance.....	\$76,000
Aid to dependent children..	41,000
Aid to blind.....	3,258
Aid to crippled children....	5,600
Hospitalization of indigent sick.....	6,863
General relief.....	30,000
Surplus commodities distribution.....	210,000
Total	\$372,721

In addition, large sums were spent by the WPA, PWA, NYA, CCC, and smaller sums by county and municipal governments. Careful estimates place the grand total at more than two millions.

Besides this spending from tax funds, besides the \$150,000 con-

tribution to the Community Chest, Central City residents in 1938 gave nearly \$300,000 to various other worthy causes. True, 1938 was an unusually heavy worthy-cause year because of two special campaigns which drew a total of \$100,000. But the \$450,000 collected exceeded the average for the preceding seven years by slightly less than the extra \$100,000. Besides the two special campaigns, fund-raising drives were conducted by an orphanage, the YMCA, the YWCA, the State Tuberculosis Association, Red Cross, Salvation Army, Goodfellows, and other agencies which are not members of the Chest.

No one seriously suggests that the whole private charitable system be junked. The need for a weeding out of the dead wood, however, seems indisputable. That this will ever be done seems most doubtful, to judge from the experience of Central City. Of the committee's recommendations, only one was followed. The home for working girls was closed. Other agencies are continuing as usual. Why? Because the board of each is filled with "influential men and women" who must have something of a charitable nature as a sop to their egos, and who are easily flattered into submission by social

workers with jobs at stake. These board members will fight to the bitter end to save their pet projects from abandonment.

Chest officials should have learned something from the excellent records of such agencies as the Salvation Army, Junior League Milk Fund, Red Cross, and Catholic orphanage. Several years ago, when Central City contributors protested against worthless drains on Chest funds, they were permitted to specify which agencies were to receive their contributions. When collections started coming in, however, it was discovered that the few worthy agencies would have more than enough money, while the majority would have none at all. Consequently the earmarking was quietly ignored.

Not many Central City contributors know the facts about Chest finances. The local press, which "cooperates fully," has revealed few details uncovered by the sur-

vey, and many who know the details "just can't be bothered with figures." Besides, the bulk of the money is obtained by coercion. Employees of many firms are given to understand that they are expected to contribute liberally, and give more than they can afford. This not only lightens the burden of the firm but enables it to display prominently its "Gold Star Award" poster. Though employees contribute practically all of the quota, the firm alone gets the credit in the published lists. These employees never become delinquent in their pledges, since they are deducted from pay checks along with Social Security taxes and other unavoidable deductions.

"Sometimes I wonder," mused the secretary of a Chest agency in the writer's presence as she examined the 1938 report, "if we really are doing anything worth while." Which is a start in the right direction.

WARNING TO DICTATORS

By Thomas Paine

When a man in a long cause attempts to steer his course by anything else than some polar truth or principle, he is sure to be lost. It is beyond his capacity to keep all the parts of an argument together, and make them unite in one issue, by any other means than having this guide always in view. Neither memory nor invention will supply the want of it. The former fails him and the latter betrays him.

QUEJO THE KILLER

BY EDWIN CORLE

CHARLIE Kenyon and Art Schroeder were looking for gold outcroppings. The search for the elusive metal has always carried with it the added element of danger. But the hazard reaches a new high in the particular part of the country where on February 18, 1940, Messrs. Kenyon and Schroeder elected to search. Pyramid Canyon, Eldorado Canyon, and Black Canyon, not even names on a map to most people, are part of the chain of precipitous rocky gorges cut by the age-old flow of the Colorado river. Collectively they determine the course of the river from Boulder Dam south to the lower extremity of Nevada, through a section of some of the roughest terrain in the Southwest.

Kenyon is sixty-three and Schroeder not far from the same age. But they cover the canyon territory with more ease than a kid of twenty. It's second nature now. So on last February 18th, they made their way up a secondary canyon on the Nevada side of the Colorado River about three or four

miles below Willow Beach, where they maintained a camp. Before noon they separated to cover an area as wide as possible, Kenyon edging along one canyon wall, guarding against the sliding detrital rocks, while his partner followed the same technique on the opposite wall.

About noon Kenyon leaned cautiously back against the face of the cliff. Down the canyon a few hundred yards was the ravine head, with a rise of at least a hundred feet straight up. Kenyon let his eyes drop down the sheer face. Near the bottom, where the canyon floor broke up into tumbled boulders, was something that nature never made. Kenyon looked long and hard.

There seemed to be a cave — a cave made by water erosion, no doubt. But guarding its entrance was a six-foot barricade of rocks, a barricade skillfully and strongly made, with the larger rocks at the base and the smaller ones graduating to the top. Now who took the trouble to make that and what was

it for? Kenyon was already scrambling toward the rock barrier.

The barricade effectively blocked his entrance to the cave. He pulled a top rock free and tossed it aside. Another. Then another, until a chest-high gap enabled him to make an ungraceful entrance. It was a small cave, erosion made, and not deep. The first thing he saw was a .30-.30 rifle, then a 12-gauge shotgun. Both were cocked and loaded. Next a cottonwood bow and three steel-tipped arrows, a string of wampum, powder, cartridges, a beaded belt, a child's toy automobile made of cast iron, and the dead body of a man.

Quickly Kenyon pushed other rocks from the barricade, and sunlight fell inside. The man had been dead a long time. At the time of his death he had been wearing a canvas coat and blue denim pants. The body was shrunken, the features misshapen, the entire corpse partially skeletonized and partially mummified. The hands lay clasped over the stomach, and nearest among the objects, quite within reach, was the child's toy automobile. A few strands of coarse black hair clung to the skull. The teeth were broken and the cheek bones high. These indications said, "Indian," as positively as the wampum. But that toy automobile?

II

The Cocopahs used to range up and down the Colorado River. They are an offshoot of the Yuma people. Sixty-odd years before Kenyon and Schroeder prospected the Colorado's canyons, a Cocopah girl gave birth to a male child. When the infant was born the tribal medicine man tried to dash its brains out. He said it had white blood, and he was right. The Cocopah girl fled with her baby upstream into the crags. Three warriors went to bring her back. After several days they returned without the girl or the baby. Both had died, they explained. No young girl and a baby could survive in the impassable canyons.

The girl hadn't died, but after negotiating the inexorable and rugged chasms and gorges she was more dead than alive. The child survived on her milk, but the girl had not the strength to stand and no more milk for the half-breed infant when she literally crawled over the crest of the Eldorado range and down an alluvial fan toward a dry lake bottom. She was close to the end when a party of Piute bucks, scouting for white men, found her sprawled halfway between the dry wash and a barrel cactus. The child seemed healthy.

The Piutes conferred. Two were for leaving her to die. Two were for saving her. One was not sufficiently interested to comment. Finally they decided by a three-two vote to leave the girl and send a party back for her, but to take the baby to their own camp and turn him over to a squaw.

This was a great mistake — a fatal one for some twenty-three people in the years to come. The fate of the Cocopah girl is not recorded. Doubtless when the second Piute party found her she was dead. But the child grew up among the Piutes and became Quejo, one of the worst killers in Southwestern history. In New Mexico, Billy the Kid is famous for having sent twenty-one men to oblivion before Sheriff Pat Garrett got him. Quejo lived a much longer life; he must have been over fifty when he barricaded himself in a cave and died. To the Kid's twenty-one victims, Quejo counted twenty-three, and no law ever caught up with Quejo. The Kid's victims were all men. Quejo murdered men, women, and children. A shot in the dark saved the Kid from the gallows, but it took the desert to get Quejo. He should have been killed, according to Cocopah tradition, at birth, but was not; by all rights he should have died in his mother's arms in the

Eldorados, but he did not; sheriffs, posses, and special deputies were trying for years to shoot him on sight, but could not. Fate the jester saved him for the sole palpable purpose of wholesale murder.

In spite of being an outlander among the Piutes and a half-breed to boot, Quejo lived for more than twenty-five years before the first indications of running amuck became manifest in his behavior. He began to grow sullen. A deadly belligerence toward all men, Indians and whites alike, grew to a mania. And in 1910 he took the murder path, which, according to Piute lore, cannot lead to beauty. He killed an Indian youth known by the Germanic name of Bismark — shot him through the back of the head. Quejo had tasted blood. During the next twenty years he murdered twenty-two more people, all within a hundred miles of the canyons of the Colorado.

Hi Bohn of Las Vegas, Nevada, was the first white man to cross purposes with Quejo and Bohn lived to tell it. It may be that Quejo was unarmed. At any rate, in a sudden blind fury he broke both of Bohn's arms with a heavy pick handle and then bashed him over the head. Without giving the *coup de grâce* to the prostrate white man, he fled to the McCullough Mountains for

sanctuary. Later, as killing became commonplace for him, to run from the scene of a murder might be essential, but it was never again a rout or a flight in panic. In fact, Quejo's skill at making his escape amounted to genius.

A journalistic account of his killings in chronological sequence would be boring. And no man can be certain of the exact number. Today, tomorrow, or fifty years from now, a trace, a clue, or some shrivelled remains of yet another of Quejo's depredations may be found. The hallmark of his handiwork will probably be a .30-.30 bullet hole in the back or skull of these relics, though at times he used a knife, creeping up on his victims and completing the job with one vicious swipe. Quejo killed, apparently, for two reasons, only one of them imperative. The fundamental motive was the pure, irresistible pleasure the act afforded him. He had acquired an appetite for killing, and like dope addiction and dipsomania, the tendency became habitual. The second reason was superficial — he killed for food, for physical survival. But like the Harps of The Wilderness he could have survived by other means had he so chosen.

After an Indian killing or two, and the skirmish with Hi Bohn, Quejo killed his first white man, a

woodcutter named Woodard, who with his dying breath whispered, "Quejo." And while the last rites were being administered, the operator of the Gold Bug Mill in Eldorado Canyon was shot in the back, and his clothing, shoes, and food supplies stolen. A half-hearted pursuit of the murderer got nowhere.

The years went by and an occasional story or rumor of Quejo would be whispered from the hills, from the canyons, from ranch to ranch, until "Quejo" became synonymous with "Jack the Ripper." And in 1919 an event took place that put Quejo outside the pale of frontier tolerance once and forever. He killed a white woman.

Mrs. Edward Douglas was the wife of a miner. She turned round in her cabin and saw coming in with the cat-like approach of the stalking hunter, a bronzed figure, his black hair held in place by a red band and a rifle in his arms. She saw the glint in his dark eyes and gave one piercing shriek, whereupon Quejo fired the rifle into her breast. Douglas found his wife's body some time later.

Then began a manhunt that was destined to carry on for twenty-one years until Charlie Kenyon and Art Schroeder came into Las Vegas, Nevada, in February 1940, with

the news that the thing they had found in a cave looked to be the long-sought Quejo.

III

Sam Gray was Sheriff of Clark County in 1919, and he assigned the redoubtable job of bringing Quejo to justice to his Under-Sheriff, Frank Wait. Wait breathed deep and undertook the job. In all the twenty-one years he stuck to it he never saw Quejo — and during that time the half-breed killed some fifteen or sixteen people, within anything from one hundred miles to one hundred yards of the Under-Sheriff. And don't think that Wait wasn't trying. His skill, courage, intelligence and physique were pitted against Quejo's murderous genius.

Wait employed Indian trackers, notably a Piute by the name of Baboon. The trail became hot, but never hot enough. Through the tortured malpais of the Colorado River canyons the trail led, with Quejo always just around the bend, at times miles ahead, at times a few hundred yards. The pursuers discovered several of the renegade's caves and occasionally a cache of food, ammunition and clothing. At one point they came upon the red-hot coals of his camp fire. In a cave

they found dozens of shells from desert turtles which Quejo had caught and eaten. A guard was posted at this cave all day, two days, a week, a month. Quejo did not return. He was busy murdering two miners, forever unidentified, fifty miles away. The guards at the cave were dismissed. The day after they left, Quejo was back.

Patiently Frank Wait decided to start again from scratch. All forces returned to Las Vegas. It was Quejo's round — granted — but just one more murder and they'd pick up the trail from that point and never let go. Obliging, Quejo wiped out a family of four on the Arizona side of the Colorado. Two of the members were children, and Quejo added to his souvenirs an object which must either have mystified or amused him — a miniature automobile, a child's toy made of cast-iron. It could have been of no use to the killer except, perhaps, to appeal to a latent esthetic sense. It was bright red and if you pushed it, it scooted.

Frank Wait and a posse started all over again. And so it went through the years. Periodically the possemen quit — Wait, never. Some day, somehow, somewhere, somebody was going to find Quejo off guard, and when that day came, Frank Wait was going to be there.

The depredations continued and the years went by to 1930. Wait, with a posse, was following a discouragingly cold trail east of the Valley of Fire when a lone horseman hauled up on a foam-flecked mount. Quejo had been seen that day only a few hours ago! Where?

"In Las Vegas — on Fremont Street!"

"Great God! Let's go, men," called Wait. The posse raced back to town. It was late afternoon when they arrived. A crowd of men stood before a small grocery store. The terrible Quejo had come into town in broad daylight. He had gone into that grocery store and he had — had —

"What? What'd he do?" demanded Wait.

"He bought a can of peaches," said the proprietor, "and then he walked out." Wait sat down on the curb. Half a dozen men claimed to have recognized Quejo as he left the store. Then he had melted away.

From 1930 to 1940 nothing more was heard of the killer. His last-known dastardly deed was the purchase of canned peaches. Apparently that harmless act was to write finis to his career. Ten years, with no incident to recall those of the past, began to dim the prestige of Quejo. Rewards for his capture

were still extant, but Quejo himself began to recede into limbo. Only Frank Wait remembered.

And on February 20, Wait heard the news that the killer had been sighted again. Charlie Kenyon and Art Schroeder came into town, and if their story was correct, the posse could take its time.

Eleven men left Willow Beach on the Colorado and followed the precipitous trail to Quejo's last stand. There Kenyon guided Frank Wait to the mouth of the cave, and for the first time the officer looked at the face of the man he had pursued for twenty-one years. "Hello, Quejo," he said. "I've come to take you home."

A coroner's jury was sworn in beside the remains, then the thing that had been Quejo was wrapped in canvas and borne down the canyon to the river. Over the badlands Wait packed the light remains in his arms, carried Quejo for the last time out of the country whither his Cocopah mother had carried him sixty years before. "I was sent to get Quejo," he reported to government officials in the modern town of Boulder City. "Here he is."

IV

A twenty-one-year search was now history. All that remained was the

writing of the story for the Southwestern newspapers. But if a student of ethnology or anthropology or psychology of the year 2500 should search the newspaper files of 1940, he would find a paucity of real knowledge about Quejo. What human beings do may have an interest, but the motivating "why" is the real import. Not often enough do we learn the "why."

Most perplexing question of all — why did Quejo decide to die in 1930 at the age of fifty, if there was still a lot more pleasure to be derived from killing? Something caused him to change — not only his manner of living, but life itself was no longer desirable. What caused him arbitrarily to prepare his tomb; to furnish it with objects which he wished to take with him on the journey, his guns, ammunition, wampum, a belt, and a useless toy automobile, the significance of which was greater than any of the other objects? Cave burial is typically Indian. To block up the cave to keep out the scavenging coyotes is also understandable. But when Quejo decided to wall himself in and never come out — what was the motivating force of his decision? Touch that instant of thought, and we'd know more about Quejo than the list of all his crimes and escapes could tell.

But that puzzle was of no consequence to Kenyon and Schroeder and others subsequently involved. There was the reward for Quejo's capture. Kenyon, quite naturally, believed the money should come to him. Then somebody decided that the reward had never read, "dead or alive." Since Quejo was obviously not alive, all reward claims were null and void. Kenyon then demanded his mummy back and couldn't get it. For by that time the cadaver had achieved a value. Quejo was claimed by many interests.

Boulder City decided it wanted him. Hadn't he been turned over to the authorities there by Frank Wait? But the body had been removed to an undertaking establishment in Las Vegas. That institution, finding that nobody intended to pay for Quejo's stay, claimed the right to exhibit the object in order to recover expenses. Kenyon protested: not only had his reward evaporated, but his title to Quejo was questioned. Moreover, he was an Elk, and the local lodge was having a booth in Las Vegas' Helldorado exhibition. The mummified Quejo had been advertised as the feature attraction.

Meanwhile the county Sheriff had legally taken possession of the guns, ammunition, belt and wam-

pum. Frank Wait felt that they should have been his, since it was his mission to bring in Quejo. But Kenyon wanted them, too. So did the undertaker. So did the Elks. So did Boulder City. In the shuffle somebody lost the toy automobile. Then somebody else discovered that Frank Wait, no longer Under-Sheriff but now Chief of Police of Las Vegas, had lost the right to bring in Quejo anyway. Judge Nelson, the Coroner, who had technical custody of the remains, declared that *nobody* had any right to the mummy until it was proved to the satisfaction of a probate court that there were no heirs. This made everybody howl. Quejo was causing as much trouble dead as he had alive. The consistency of his nature was amazing. But the consistency of his material being, having been some days removed from his dry cave, was not, and the undertaker had to seal him into

a coffin with a plate-glass top.

To add the penultimate bit of opera bouffe, the county sheriff discovered not one missing heir, but two, both young half-breed Indians. Each discounted the other's claims of being a "grandnephew" of the deceased. And for the final and "most unkindest cut of all," a third Indian witness declared that both claimants were actually grand-nephews of Quejo, but that the corpse was not that of Quejo after all. It was that of another Indian by the same name. Everybody hit the ceiling. Judge Nelson was not sure of the identity and could hand down no ruling. Charlie Kenyon was furious. Frank Wait was furious. The heirs were furious. So were Las Vegas and Boulder City.

But Quejo, under his glass-topped coffin, was calm enough. On his blanched death's-head there was, and is at the present moment, a ghost of a grin.

INTELLECTUAL FALLACIES

VII

That leprosy is the most infectious of all diseases.

Comment: For centuries this belief has heightened the horror and fear with which lepers are regarded. The disease *may* be transmitted by brief contact with an infected person or his surroundings. Yet its degree of infectiousness is not high. If one deliberately tried to inoculate himself with Hansen's bacillus, which causes leprosy, he would probably fail. It has been estimated that even in cases of conjugal relations between a leper and a well person, instances of infection do not exceed 5 per cent. Suggested by Perry Burgess' book, *Who Walk Alone*. — W. D.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Season Sans Seasoning

THE look of the 1940-41 dramatic season, judging from the contour of its phiz at the moment, is of a corked bottle of champagne impatiently waiting to launch a ship that is nowhere in sight. The wine is vintage; the crowd is there with money in its pocket and ready to cheer; but the best that has showed up so far is only a number of obsolete ear destroyers. We have witnessed the launching of some eminently satisfactory musicals — *Cabin in the Sky*, *Panama Hattie*, and others — but there hasn't been even a faint splash when it comes to any straight play of any real critical quality.

I am, of course, speaking merely of New York, for things are different on the road. Just as it is a scrubby New York season, so is it a gala one out of town. While Manhattan is twiddling its thumbs over inferior plays, the road is having one of its best seasons with all the good plays that made it a satisfactory last season in the metropolis. The road had better take all

the advantage of the situation it can, because if things keep up in this way it is going to have a lean time of it next year.

Many reasons have been dredged up to account for the paucity of decent scripts, none of them particularly convincing. They say, for instance, that the war and the world unrest have made it impossible for playwrights to concentrate on the theatre. This is nonsense. Eugene O'Neill, even aside from his cycle of nine plays, five of which are completed, has managed for all his deep concern to complete two wholly separate plays, but simply doesn't wish to travel East for rehearsals and so is holding them up for another season. Despite the war and the world upset, Sherwood wrote one play last season, Anderson and Rice wrote one apiece last and have written one apiece for this, Saroyan wrote two that were put on last and has written two more that are looking for someone to produce them this, and so on. The playwrights in

thick droves are busy enough, war and stress or no war and stress, but the simple truth seems to be that the great majority of them are not especially hot hands at their chosen art. And the even simpler truth behind that simple truth seems in turn to be that, the late Arnold Bennett and similar sukiyaki dispensers to the contrary, it is one of the hardest things in the world to write a really good play.

Bennett, you recall, said that the writing of a play is child's work compared with the writing of a novel. Perhaps so with the kind of plays Bennett himself wrote, but men who have found out otherwise — men, for example, like his contemporary, Galsworthy, who contrived far more reputable plays — have quietly smiled and politely dismissed the bologna with a sardonic, "Oh? Arnold!" In the last six years, we have had a dozen acceptable novels for every single acceptable play. On the other hand, when the acceptable novelists have essayed to write plays they have almost uniformly failed.

It is not that many of the playwrights are without integrity and are manufacturing plays with eyes solely on the box-office and future movie sales. Most of them aren't. They have come to appreciate the general unfruitfulness of such chi-

cane, since they have been taught that the critics, almost to a man, have the honor of the theatre too close to heart to let them get away with it and will promptly slam their fraudulent products into the storehouse. And here, incidentally, I'd like to mention something on the side.

Events in the last four or five years appear to indicate that the much-vaunted power of the newspaper press would seem to be in increasing need not only of an electric vigor belt but of a couple of jeroboams of yohimbin. With nine tenths of the theoretically most powerful papers in the nation futilely trying to horn a Willkie into office and futilely before that trying to horn in a Landon, with the Hearst newspaper empire wobbling because of lost causes, with one of the best selling books in the country not only not endorsed but not even so much as mentioned by the book departments (*Bet It's a Boy*), with authors boosted to the skies and getting little public reaction (Langston Hughes), with one of the biggest movie money-makers hardly ever mentioned favorably and seldom, in fact, even by name (Gene Autrey), and with a lot of similar prattfalls, it seems that about the only remaining influence the papers have is in the depart-

ment of theatrical criticism. (And even there they also fall on their posteriors when it comes to any considerable success in their campaigns against ticket speculation.)

But back to our ditch.

II

The idiosyncrasies of the earlier season have been two in number. In the first place, it has evidently occurred to more than the usual quota of superlative imaginations that Hollywood is a remarkably fine theme for some remarkably fine plays and, in the second place, it seems that everybody who isn't writing plays about Hollywood and who knows a song writer and two fairly good-looking chorus girls is going about putting on a musical show. Three Hollywood plays have already been trotted out for the local trade, to say nothing of two others shown outside New York; and as for musical shows, I have lost count. If things were to continue in this manner, there would be hardly a stage that by the first of the year wouldn't have on it either an exhibition of the amatory divertissements of Hollywood bed-bugs or a theoretically tantalizing line of female umbilici engaged in terpsichorean quivers. It is, however, safe to say that they will not

continue in the case of the Hollywood plays at least, since those that have already appeared have been mercilessly batted over the head by the reviewers and have duly swooned.

These plays, *Beverly Hills*, *Quiet Please* and *Glamour Preferred*, all garbage, were the collaborations of Hollywood movie scenario writers: Lynn Starling, Howard J. Green, F. Hugh Herbert, Hans Kraly, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, who have been in the service of the film studios for a period ranging from four to, in the case of the two last named, fifteen years. These writers have demonstrated once again not only the rank impertinence of expecting theatre audiences to accept their money-corrupted talents, if any, but also the hand-biting ingratitude of persons like them who freely participate in Hollywood's rich handouts and then, by way of indicating they are above such prostitution, sneer at and ridicule the very people who have been their friends and patrons.

This seems to be a customary practice, and it provides one of Hollywood's most pointed condemnations. If ever there has been a movie writer who, for all the laudatory interviews he gives out while he is on the payroll, has not

attested to his shame for his film harlotry by soon thereafter apologetically inditing in one form or another his contempt for both Hollywood and its people, I haven't heard of him. One and all, these streetwalkers of dramatic literature, these cake-eaters and still-would-have-its, disgust one with their hypocrisy, their thanklessness toward those who have taken them in and rewarded their trash with gold, and their subsequent toadying to a theatre which they hopefully look upon as a lifesaver of what minimum of reputation, pride and decency they have left. The quality of their plays argues brilliantly the quality of the tripe they must contribute to the screen. And it argues further the complete idiocy of those theatrical producers who, in this day of more strict dramatic demands, think for a moment they can get away with their exuviae when it comes to the reviewers.

As an illustration of the pathos of these Hollywood scribblers who bumptiously come into the theatre, I can think of nothing more suitable than the page of film scenario handed out to the audience by two of them, the authors of the stewpan called *Quiet Please*. First, as testimony to their illiteracy, we engaged this: "This is an exact fac-

simile (!) of a page from a typical motion picture script." Secondly, though written as part of such a script but seriously intended as emotional drama acceptable to the theatre, we actually engaged such a speech and stage direction as this: "*Arthur stands rigid, facing Isabel, who pleads with him, her soul in her eyes.*"

Isabel

Very well, Arthur — believe what you like — think what you like — do what you like. Smash up our marriage if that's what you want — what do I care? Kick all our beautiful hopes and vows out of the window. Tear down our castle of dreams — burn up our lovely memories on the altar of your mad jealousy. But remember this — in years to come you'll remember the fragrance of the perfume in my hair — you'll kiss other women — and you'll remember how soft my lips were. You can leave me, Arthur — but you can't forget me!

But before you do it without needing to stick your finger in your throat, wait a moment. For now came the final impertinence. The theatre audience, requested to imagine itself a houseful of extras before whom the scene was being played, was instructed by the authors, with perfectly straight faces, as follows:

There is an ovation from the jaded first-nighters. Men and women leap to their feet, applauding hysterically. "Bravo! Bravo! (*sic*) Author! Author! Speech! Speech!" . . . As the tumult

and the enthusiasm build to a stirring climax, the play ends.

Now, boys and girls, I ask you. Consider, if you are able to, the wistful brass of a couple of such dump-pluckers as the authors in question, expecting an intelligent New York or any other save possibly Hollywood audience to turn ass, even for the agreeableness of the thing, and applaud such unspeakable limburger.

It is true that there is a woeful shortage of good scripts, but it is also true that there are any number around which, even at their worst, are a hundred times better than such pigpen blues as all this Hollywood stuff. And not only infinitely better from a critical viewpoint but, one ventures, from a box-office. Nor is this merely a critic's idle gabble-guess. To go on the record, I mention a few that I happen to know about: Maurice Donnay's *Lysistrata*, Tilman Breiseth's *As We Forgive Our Debtors*, Saroyan's *Sweeney in the Trees*, Ramon Romero's *Mrs. Lincoln*, Maurine Watkins' *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, J. K. Jerome's *The Great Gamble*, Jim Tully's *God Loves the Irish*, Louis N. Parker's *Victoria*, Bruce Gould's and Beatrice Blackmar's *The Terrible Turk*, Eugene O'Neill's *Lazarus Laughed*, Robert Sherwood's *Acropolis* (even in the rough

version that failed in London), Robert Turney's *Empire*, Edward Childs Carpenter's *A Perfect Gentleman*, etc. Some of these, true enough, are, as hinted, nothing to get at all worked up about, but just the same even they are so greatly superior to the odorated rubbish that has been produced that there's no comparison.

III

A still further tendency of the earlier part of the dramatic season was a return to the smut of other theatrical days. It seems that the poorer the playwright the more he imagines that, if it is not within his competence to get away with anything else, he may be able to put himself over with dirt. A lot of pretty bad playwrights managed that very thing in past years but audiences have grown up so since the day of Al Woods' capitalization of Gertie's garter and Mabel's room that their once profitable blushes have been converted into expansive yawns. The Hollywood dung boys and girls and such sabbatical Theatre Guildists as the authors of stuff like *Suzanna and the Elders* who drool at the mouth like ruptured carbuncles over sex have discovered that the old mazuma isn't there any more, and that,

whereas such forthright and healthy anatomical humor as that in, for instance, *Panama Hattie* (which incidentally contains the funniest naughty episode in more recent theatrical history) is welcome all over the house, including the box office, the smirking kind of thing they peddle is indelible on the Expurgatorius.

The major portion of the stage direction of the exhibits in point has been just as sour as the exhibits themselves. It has ranged all the way from Otto Preminger's coaching not only of one but of two eccentric women characters in *Beverly Hills* to speak their lines in the dry whine long associated with the late May Vokes (which is enough on the part of even one actress to drive us all out into the alley) to Worthington Minor's disposition of the quorum of sisters in *Suzanna and the Elders* much as if they were momentarily either about to bang

tambourines and reply to an interlocutor that that wasn't a lady that was my wife or launch into the *Florodora* sextette's *Tell Me, Pretty Maiden*.

I can only express the hope that my next month's treatise will bring better news, for — aside from the good musicals — it is the dismaying fact of the season up to press time that its three signal and outstanding items have been nothing more remarkable than revivals of those ancients, *Charley's Aunt* and *Twelfth Night*, and the English actor Emlyn Williams' *The Corn Is Green*. The revivals are satisfactory; José Ferrer is very amusing in the first, and Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans are edifying in the second; and Williams' play is some better than most of the recent flat London importations; but that's certainly a hell of a note for the state of the drama in this advanced year of Our Lord, 1940.

INTELLECTUAL FALLACIES

VIII

That Sequoyah compiled a Cherokee-English dictionary.

Comment: Sequoyah invented a syllabary whereby the sounds in the spoken language of the Cherokee Indians, who had no written language, could be conveyed in writing. Sequoyah's syllabary of eighty-five characters was so simple and so ingenious that illiterate Indians were able to master it in five days and thereby communicate among themselves in writing for the first time in their lives. Moreover, by use of this syllabary, books both sacred and secular could be translated into Cherokee and newspapers could be published in that language. — B. R.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE SECRET of a great sportsman's success is revealed to the Bible Belt by the *Arkansas Gazette*:

Coach Warren Woodson of Arkansas State Teachers College, who came here this morning to teach a Sunday School class, described John the Baptist, fore-runner of Christ, as "an ideal athlete."

"John the Baptist would have been the answer to a coach's dream," he said, pointing out that his plain, simple and temperate life made him strong both physically and spiritually, and "tough enough to stand the gaff."

"John the Baptist proved himself a great team man as far as Jesus was concerned," he said. "When the multitudes pressed about him and would have made him their idol, he reminded them that Christ, and not himself, was the captain and the quarterback — that Christ was the man with the ball."

CALIFORNIA

SCHOLARLY honors are assigned in the erudite Sunkist State and duly recorded by the *Alhambra Post-Advocate*:

William Lieberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Lieberg, 712 N. Bushnell, won first prize in the University of Redlands' recent annual pajamarino. He was awarded first prize on the basis of wearing the "best pair" of pajamas. In the pajamarino, men students don night pajamas and march down the main streets of Redlands behind the

University band to the Redlands Bowl where prizes are awarded.

CONNECTICUT

INTERNATIONAL news from the society page of the *Greenwich Time*:

An unusually interesting meeting of the Greenwich Council of Women will be held Friday. Following the meeting of the board of directors, the chairmen will give their reports upon world problems and some suggestions for their solution.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

A RUGGED individualist advertising in the *Sunday Star* prepares to dig in for another four years:

YOUNG LADY, ardent Willkie admirer, unlikely to obtain Government position, will do anything within reason, for private enterprise in stenographic, clerical or switchboard line. Age 28. Slight experience. Excel. ref.

MARYLAND

BRIEF novel on Maryland country life from the advertising columns of the *Montgomery County Sentinel*:

FOR SALE — All kinds of used furniture; victrolas, radios, beds, porch rockers. Full assortment of used farming equipment; plows, cultivators, small tools and accessories. Lincoln sedan. Dodge pickup, 1936. Tires of all

kinds. Line of Ladies' shoes from fine shop, 50¢ to \$1.25 per pair. Dress suits, tuxedos, full dress and morning coats. All sizes, fine quality, \$3.50 to \$7.50. Live stock; saddle mare and jumper. Real Indian Pinto pony at stud. Fine manners. Guaranteed service. PIERSON SUPPLY CO.

MICHIGAN

A FLINT newspaper apologizes for printing material beyond the grasp of the local inhabitants:

Apologies are apparently in order for the unintended confusion caused by an item here in the last issue of the *News-Advertiser*, pointing out that "poetic," among other kinds of licenses, are not available through the Secretary of State. A puzzled reader called in to ask just where a poetic license could be obtained, and the only answer we could give was "through Webster from a begrudging public."

MISSISSIPPI

A PATRIOTIC demonstration for the kiddies is reported from Jackson by the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*:

The only thing lacking at Thursday's formal and public exhibition of the state's new electric chair which supplants the hangman's noose was a victim.

Small children, some in the arms of their nurses, men, women and many negroes viewed the chair which arrived during the afternoon from Memphis where it was built.

Proud as a child with a new toy was James H. (Jimmy) Thompson, 44, of D'lo, the state's official executioner. He said he "looked forward with a

great deal of enthusiasm and anxiety to his first electrocution" scheduled at Newton next Friday.

NEW YORK

STARK naturalism in the poetry corner of the *Graphic Arts Monthly*:

The printer leaned on the long pica case
With grime on his hands and ink on
his face
And he said, as he looked over the dirty
old place:
"To Hell with the Printing Business."

OKLAHOMA

THE farm-equipment world gets down to earth in an election-eve advertisement in the *Daily Oklahoman*:

WE HAVE BEEN WISE AND OTHERWISE . . . THEREFORE IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT OUR DEACON CONGRESSMEN, ELDER SENATORS AND WORLDLY AMBASSADORS HEAR ME AND GO FORTH IN EVERY PRECINCT ON THE MORROW. Whoever is elected you have my deepest sympathy. . . . Farm labor is headed for the industrial centers. Modern farm machinery is our answer.

THE AIR HAS BEEN SO FULL OF FOUL SMELL FOR THE LAST 2 WEEKS I HAVEN'T SAID MUCH ABOUT MY NU-GROWTH FERTILIZER FOR FEAR YOU WOULD think it was responsible for this odor. But after you have convinced yourself of the results obtained from the Free Trial Package (done up in Cellophane) you will be a steady customer for this Aristocratic Fertilizer.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOR

The Deadly Weasel

NOW in midwinter is the time when the creatures still abroad in northern woods and fields are most rigorously tested for survival. Blizzards come without warning now, the wind-swirled snow burying partridgeberries and bitter-sweet and the seed-bearing tops of the meadow weeds, so that juncos and tree sparrows are faced with abrupt starvation. Sometimes the drifting whiteness lies so deep that even among the deer there are some which can no longer struggle through it, but can only stand motionless, imprisoned belly-deep, and wait quietly until hunger and cold bring oblivion. There are sudden downward plunges of the temperature now, taking the roosting crows unaware in their sleeping places among the hemlocks, and on a morning after some bitter, gale-swept night they may be found hanging head downward by their dark, crooked feet, lifeless — frozen grotesquely as they slept. None but the hardest and most watchful creatures of the outdoors can survive this season, this time

of snows and winds and icy coldness when, as the north-woods Indians like to put it, there is "Death, the dark mother, always gliding near on soft feet."

It is not only the elements that bring death now to so many inhabitants of the wilds. There are the preyings, as in any other season, of animal upon animal: fox on squirrel, owl on hare, hawk on scampering deer mouse. Particularly, there is abroad in the cold woods one predatory death-bringer from whose attack none but the largest animals, like the bear and lynx, are exempt, and whose toll of lives is scarcely smaller than the toll taken by freezing and starvation. It comes in white, and silently, like the great white enemy, the snow. It is an animal, this marauder, not much larger than a squirrel, but far fleet; and it is motivated by a blood hunger that sends it forth constantly to seek for victims. In the far northern part of its range men call it an ermine; elsewhere, they know it as a weasel. To grouse roosting during

these cold nights in low evergreen branches, to rabbits in their "forms" of snow among the underbrush, and to white-footed mice in their intricate tunnels underneath the drifts, it is a threat of death against which they must be incessantly wary. All the year round the weasel seeks their blood, creeping stealthily along the trail of their scent, watchful and forever hungry. But now in midwinter there is no foliage to hide them from those sharp preying eyes, and there is snow to hamper most of them in their flight, and the weasel is nearly invisible in the general whiteness. This is the peak-season in the weasel's year of killing.

For every creature under the sun there is a particular function in the natural scheme: for bees, the bearing of pollen for the fertilization of plants and trees; for earthworms, the aerating of the soil to make it fecund; for crabs and crawfish, the scavenging of sea and stream bottoms. It is the grim and singular function of a weasel simply to kill . . . to carry the principle of carnivorousness to its maximum development. Save for the first few weeks of its life, when it is still blind and helpless in its nest in a hollow log or deserted woodchuck burrow, and for those two or three times a year when, if

female, it is preoccupied with the tending of its own litters of six or eight young weasels, its days are wholly given over to ceaseless slaughter among the small mammals and birds of its environment. The weasel has an unappeasable lust for prey, an insatiable appetite for fresh, hot blood. Its destiny is to serve — like epidemic plagues, and parasites, and a variety of other death-bringing forces — to thin out the populace of wild creatures, to keep the mice from becoming too many and the cottontails from too far exceeding their optimum number.

For the pursuit of this bloody destiny it is admirably equipped. It has a long, thin body, almost worm-like, sixteen or seventeen inches in length including the furry tail. Short, powerful legs allow the body to be flattened concealingly against the earth as the weasel goes creeping forth on its endless search for blood. On the soles of the feet there is a covering of hair whereby the animal's weight can be sustained on snow surfaces which may not support fleeing victims. The flat-crowned, triangular head is joined to the long, thin neck in such fashion that it can be held at right angles to it; the weasel can halt in its tracks, rearing up, and sway its narrow head

from side to side, testing the scent of the air, in the same pose that a snake adopts when it is endeavoring to locate with precision the hiding place of a nearby frog. The weasel's teeth are exquisitely sharp, and the great muscles of its flesh-hungry little jaws form a bunching mass that entirely covers the sides of the narrow skull. The whole body has such muscular strength and suppleness that the slayer can turn and twist to attack its prey effectively from any angle, and the nostrils in its sharp-pointed little snout are keen enough to catch the subtlest scent of game. The weasel has sharp eyes — sharp enough to see a tiny stirring in the snow, where the deer mice are tunneling under it to forage for nuts and seeds — and its rounded, furry little ears can hear the movement of any but the wariest and softest-treading creatures.

In every detail of anatomy and sense-endowment the weasel is equipped for following successfully its bloody role, and it has as well the equipment of protective coloration: in summer, earth-brown upper parts that permit it to blend concealingly with the color of the ground and the fallen pine-needles and last autumn's withered leaves; in winter — in the northern part of its range — a uniform whiteness

except for a tiny black tipping of its tail. In midwinter now the weasel can steal through the deep drifted woods, moving soundlessly across the crust on its hairy-soled feet and sniffing the frosty air for a scent of prey, in almost complete invisibility except perhaps to a sharp-eyed hawk hovering directly overhead.

II

The weasel hunts both by night and by day, but it is in the darkness that it does its deadliest work. Moving swiftly, nervously, its lean muzzle lifted in the frosty moonlight to catch scents, it finds out the places where the grouse and pheasants are roosting asleep, or raids sometimes one of man's poultry-yards into which it can insert its wriggling, vermiform body through an interstice. The marauder closes its jaws on its victim's throat, or the back of the neck, so that the killing may be instantaneous and cause no outcry to rouse the other members of the flock; for the weasel is not content with a single victim. If it can, it kills a dozen or twenty or thirty — sometimes even as many as forty fowl in quick soundless succession. It does not generally devour the prey it slaughters. It makes only a

neat incision in the flesh and drinks the warm blood. Sometimes, if very hungry, it cuts with its sharp-pointed little teeth a small hole in the skull, and sucks out the soft brains as the yolk might besucked out of an egg.

When its butchery has been done and its blood hunger is momentarily appeased, the weasel withdraws as stealthily as it came, across the snow, and in a quiet place in the darkness licks away the blood from its white fur and sucks its small paws clean, for it is fastidious as a cat.

Commoner victims than sleeping fowl are rabbits and rats and mice and squirrels. These are the weasel's habitual prey, and in hunting them the killer is fearless and implacable. As it pursues a running rabbit, it moves across the snow in a series of long, gliding leaps, hurling its thin body forward almost in the manner of a lunging snake. It holds to the pursuit in the face of whatever obstacle or deterrent, racing even through water if need be, until at last the exhausted rabbit bogs down in some deep drift and the teeth of the weasel snap its spine. Rushing after a squirrel, the weasel undertakes even to climb trees, and in chase of the deer mice it forces its lithe body into their tiniest tunnels. The weasel is gripped by a kind of

frenzy of blood lust, a fury of appetite that makes it heedless of fatigue or danger. Even when, as sometimes happens, the weasel's loping pursuit of its prey is interrupted by the most formidable of all creatures, Man, the killer is not deterred. It faces this towering opponent without terror, giving off in its fury a musky stench that is the odor of weasel anger, and if resolutely balked it flies at the throat of the man creature as fiercely and fearlessly as at the gullet of a mouse or a quail. It has an insistent, imperious hungering for blood, and it will not be denied.

So enormous is a weasel's appetite, so single-minded its following of its carnivorous destiny, that the small creatures of the woods would soon be decimated if the weasel were not itself preyed on by enemies. The great horned owl is such an enemy; so are the foxes and lynxes and sometimes the martens. All these are big enough and adroit enough to kill a weasel. But they cannot often kill it with one bite or blow. They cannot often kill it until it has writhed its tough, sinuous body in a final death-twist, and snapped its powerful little jaws one last time, tellingly. A weasel customarily dies as it has lived, fearless and furious and with the taste of hot blood in its gullet.

THE LIBRARY

Quincy Howe and How To Understand Him

THE little book here under review ¹ is called *The News and How to Understand It*. Could anyone ask for a more artless title? The modest purpose of the volume, the jacket flap explains, "is to help you understand what is happening in the world." The author's Foreword confirms that this is merely one more "how" book — "to show you how you can get more pleasure and profit from following the news." The public-spirited house of Simon & Schuster has published any number of elementary texts of the self-help and self-improvement kind, from how to plant gardens to how to play poker, and here is another in the series. A book with such a label would be picked up just as unsuspectingly by a high school freshman or a William Allen White.

But author and publishers are altogether too modest. Will White would drop it like a hot potato. Personally I am not sure what kind of vegetable it is, but I can attest

that it's hot. The guileless title covers a deft political tract — one of the most provocative and provoking in this most forensic of literary seasons. It is a "how" book all right — a Quincy Howe book, and hence as charming, testy, mock-naïve and purposeful as everything he writes. Several years ago he composed a book demonstrating that *England Expects Every American To Do His Duty*. The present little treatise on current news in the papers, on the air and in the magazines demonstrates that every American — well, nearly every American — is living up to England's expectations.

The amusing pretense that the volume aims to teach you how to read and relish the news may be smiled away as a cute conceit. True, Mr. Howe does offer a round dozen rules for reading and listening, but they are so elementary he can scarcely have written the book for their sake. Anyone sufficiently literate to buy or borrow such a book and read it as far as the last chapter, where the rules are re-

¹ *The News and How To Understand It*, by Quincy Howe. \$2.00. Simon & Schuster.

cited, surely doesn't need to be told that there is more news in the metropolitan morning papers and more columnar fare in the afternoon papers. Anyone keen enough to appreciate the sparkle of the book's style, the bite of its judgments and the irony of its parodies of various journalists and commentators doesn't need to be instructed to "begin by reading only the headlines."

No, *The News and How To Read It* amounts to one long warning against those "Hitler haters" and "Anglophiles" and "warmongers" who, according to Mr. Howe, practically monopolize American news reporting in its various forms. His technique is disarming. Instructing you "how" to read columnists, the least he can do is to give you the low-down about the more important ones. Whereupon he informs you that "no refugee from the Third Reich hopes and works more passionately for the downfall of Hitler" than Dorothy Thompson, and that this failing derives in part from the fact that "Miss Thompson is the daughter of English parents," which "predisposes her in favor of Britain," and from her long residence in pre-Hitler Germany, which made her "pro-German and anti-Nazi." He also points out that Walter Win-

chell is Miss Thompson's "male counterpart among Hitler haters," as well as "the tin-pan alley patriot of 1940" and "a streamlined version of George M. Cohan's 'Yankee Doodle Dandy.'" As for Walter Lippmann, poor fellow, "if he sees the world through 'Made in England' glasses, is that his fault?"

The foreign correspondents are in an even worse way. Residing among foreigners, they have for the most part lost the common American touch, have been "Europeanized." A number of them, especially on the *New York Times* staff, are outright Englishmen, and the rest are "Anglicized" or "Gallicized." Instead of behaving decently like mechanical cameras snapping the news, they actually get sore at Hitler and work themselves into a moral lather over his conquest of Europe. By a fatal coincidence, the liberal indignation of men like Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Leland Stowe, etc., over Nazi brutalities works right in with the self-interest of "big businessmen" who own the *Chicago Daily News*, so that "by the fall of 1940 several members of its staff had transformed themselves from newspapermen into propaganda agents for American intervention in Europe's war." Curiously, it's only moral fervor on the side of aid to

Britain which Mr. Howe finds reprehensible. He pats one correspondent — Walter Duranty, an Englishman too! — on the back because “as late as June, 1940, he warned the American readers . . . not to let their country get involved in the European war.”

The reports out of Washington, the class in news-reading learns, are if anything more Anglicized than the rest. President Roosevelt “reverted” to his native class interests, the interests of “conservative Eastern aristocracy,” just as soon as a “serious crisis began to develop abroad.” The press correspondents reverted wholesale to national unity, neglected decent party differentiations and in their eagerness to promote national defense and aid to Britain even forgot to be mad at the New Deal. Robert Allen “is now so angry with Hitler that he has his wife drilling with a gun.” In fact, “only one outstanding Washington correspondent refused to fall into line,” and that was Ludwell Denny, who “hammered — as he had been hammering for months before — on the President’s drive toward war.” Naturally Mr. Denny was punished for this insubordination to British orders — “and here endeth the first lesson,” says Mr. Howe.

Nor are there many exceptions

to this horrendous plot to drag America into the war in the lesson on radio broadcasters. “Most American radio reporters abroad — like most of our foreign correspondents — detest Hitler,” Mr. Howe reveals, and “nearly all of them also have become so Europeanized that they believe the United States should permanently associate itself with Europe.” On this side of the ocean affairs are equally sad. Raymond Gram Swing’s long residence in Europe and his “love of England” are put on record to warn the unwary, as well as H. V. Kaltenborn’s over-compensations for his German forebears. Most of the others similarly have some quirk in their upbringing that explains their distaste for a Hitler victory. And the magazines, too, are in a large measure involved in the conspiracy. Mr. Howe limits his analysis to a selected few among the periodicals (omitting, I blush to admit, this influential journal), but he doesn’t overlook *Common Sense*, “one of the few liberal journals that has kept its head.” A mimeographed bulletin of news interpretation that has likewise kept its head is *Uncensored*; it has no truck with rabid Hitler-haters and folk who’ve lived too long in Europe, and therefore gets a clean bill of health.

Lurking in the shadows of the great conspiracy, but glimpsed now and then as the lessons in news-reading unfold, are big businessmen, Groton aristocrats and other culprits intent on Hitler-hating, warmongering, jingoism and Europeanization. What impressed this pupil in particular, however, is Mr. Howe's theory of original sin, or interventionism by indiscreet birth. Miss Thompson got that way in part because of English ancestry, Mr. Kaltenborn got the same way because of German ancestry, etc. Boake Carter is rather a problem, as an isolationist *and* an Englishman, though Mr. Howe manages to explain him. Elmer Davis, being Hoosier through and through, gets a passing mark for a higher moral boiling point than the more volatile radio commentators. But he seems to have been backsliding into emotion, in the general contagion, forcing Mr. Howe to hedge, thus: Mr. Davis "certainly did not go so far as the extreme interventionists, though of course he never had any use for isolation." Had Mr. Howe applied the original-sin yardstick to his own editorial board on *Uncensored* he would have run into a lot of grief, since it includes men of Irish, English, German, Jewish, Scandinavian and Oklahoman ancestry, all howling

in chorus, "Let the damned British perish, serves the so-and-so's right! Sic 'im, Adolf!"

Of course, the textbook on the enjoyment of news is not as raw as my selected quotations might suggest. To that extent this commentary is being deliberately unfair. But my point in making the commentary is that the book is terribly unfair precisely because it *isn't* raw, because it poses so disingenuously as an innocent little "howl" book seasoned with satire. The artlessness of the title is carried through the whole performance. No anger — just the assumption that everybody is loony and hysterical who sees the world situation differently than Mr. Howe. Americans who know most about what is happening in the world have "lost their heads," so hold on to yours, dear reader. Under the sweet reasonableness and smooth irony of his manner is a piece of calculated special pleading. At the very end there is, to be sure, a statement of political faith — an extreme, knowing isolationism — but it is brought in casually for auxiliary purposes. It really belongs up front, in bold type and under an honest label: "Quincy Howe and How To Understand Him," for example.

— EUGENE LYONS

THE CHECK LIST

MARK TWAIN IN ERUPTION, by Mark Twain. Edited with an introduction by Bernard De Voto. \$3.75. *Harper*. These papers are further selections from the famous autobiography which the great humorist specified should not be published until long after his death. Mr. De Voto belies the rumor long current that the parts omitted from the autobiography as edited by the late Albert Bigelow Paine were scandalously offensive to public morals. Except for the surreptitiously circulated "1601," written in his youth, it would appear that there was very little, at any time, in Twain's writings which was classifiable as obscene or profane. But his hates were numerous, violent and specific; and the chapters included in this book which have to do with Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie, Bret Harte, various publishers, plutocrats, politicians, statesmen and writers of his day are sulphurous, but delightful. No one since Dean Swift has written with such scarifying power, and not even Swift wrote with such clarity and high readability. Readers who are unfamiliar with Twain's peculiarly mid-American humor should be warned that elaborate exaggeration was part of his literary effect, and that even in his denunciations of people he disliked, he did not intend or expect to be taken literally. Publication of this book is undoubtedly the most notable literary event of the year, or, indeed, of many years. Here is the work of a very great writer, with deep, humane instincts and a proper sense of values, who, writing for an audience of the future, let himself go, with none of the inhibitions which were necessary in his lifetime if his work was to be published at all. Here is a man dancing, in Nietzsche's phrase, with arms and legs.

REASON, SOCIAL MYTHS, AND DEMOCRACY, by Sidney Hook. \$3. *John Day*.

This is a sane, brilliant and humorous philosopher's examination of the social institutions, the religious faiths, the political doctrines and the myths and taboos current in contemporary civilization — the ideas and emotions that men live by. No better exposition of the totalitarian states and of the way they arose out of socialistic theory is currently available. Dr. Hook probably labors his own ideas of Humanism a little too heavily, but in the main, his views are sound, informative and intelligent. He has a firm belief in the survival of democracy in a modified capitalism. Written in a clear, charming and provocative literary style, unusual in a professor of philosophy.

BOOKS ALIVE, by Vincent Starrett. \$3. *Random House*. Delightful anecdotes of authors, books, book-collecting and bibliomania. Covers about the whole field, from nonsense rhymes and sea stories, through mystery yarns to literary masterpieces. A mine of literary small-talk, plus rare bits of curious information.

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION: *A Reappraisal*, by Bernhard Knollenberg. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. One of the most important contributions to Revolutionary history and Washingtoniana in recent years. In a carefully documented analysis Mr. Knollenberg presents evidence that has been overlooked or grossly misinterpreted, bearing especially on such controversial phases of Washington's career as the supposed treachery of Gates, the Conway Cabal, and his relationships with Arnold and the Continental Congress. Not a debunking effort, the book nonetheless exposes the fallaciousness of much that former historians have comfortably proclaimed about Washington. A stimulating piece of historical detective work that gives credit where credit is due.

SPEAK UP FOR DEMOCRACY, by Edward L. Bernays. \$1.00. *Viking*. The job of the moment, Mr. Bernays believes, is to "sell" democracy to America as deliberately as the dictators are selling their totalitarian ideologies at home and abroad. He has therefore written a handbook for actual and would-be "salesmen" of democracy. Drawing on his own rich lifetime of experience in the dissemination of ideas, he has compiled a practical guide for public-spirited Americans eager to do their bit for the American way of life. The book provides handy answers to annoying questions by enemies of democracy; lists of "media" for reaching the public mind; analyses of holiday and other occasions which can be exploited for promoting democracy; bibliographies and basic information; in short, a boiled-down encyclopedia of public relations, applied to the specific problem.

PROGRESS IN MEDICINE, by Iago Galdston. \$3.00. *Knopf*. The fascinating history of a century of progress in medical knowledge is told here clearly, accurately and with Dr. Galdston's flair for dramatic writing. From Pasteur to the men now working in the great medical institutions of America, from the discovery of microbes to the exploration of modern endocrinology, the volume unfolds a tremendous story of the human mind and spirit. The chapters dealing with Mesmer, Freud and the recent advance in psychiatry will be particularly exciting for a great many readers.

THE AMERICAN MOTHER GOOSE, by Ray Wood. \$1.25. *Stokes*. The old-fashioned children's rhymes and game-ditties Ray Wood has gathered together in this jolly collection are as American as the log cabin and the catfish, though some doubtless came originally from the Old World. They will appeal to many mature spirits as well as to smaller fry; nearly everyone will remember some of them, and in many one finds the essence of homespun frontier life. Ed Hargis' amusing cartoons provide a natural setting for the

rhymes and help to interpret their place in American folk-lore.

ULTIMA THULE: Further Mysteries of the Arctic, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Illustrated by Alexander Popini. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. A fascinating combination of history and mystery. Mr. Stefansson gives us another stirring tale of the Arctic which he knows so well, the problem of the geography of Thule.

THE OLD DEAL AND THE NEW, by Charles A. Beard and George H. E. Smith. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. A concise summary and analysis of American economics and politics in the last decade and the measures adopted to grapple with the problems which confronted us. The authors believe that the growing debt of the United States will end in a serious explosion unless production can be expanded. And that the New Deal hasn't the talent to do it.

BOOKS OF AND ABOUT POETRY

TIME FOR A QUICK ONE, by Margaret Fishback. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*.

SENATOR GOOSE, Stanton A. Coblenz. \$2.00. *Wings Press*.

POEMS AND PORTRAITS, Christopher La Farge. \$1.25. *Coward McCann*.

TO WHAT STRANGE ALTAR, by Dorothy Quick. \$2.00. *Putnam*.

SOME MEMORIES OF W. B. YEATS, by John Masfield. \$1.25. *Macmillan*.

POET'S HANDBOOK, by Clement Wood. \$4.50. *Greenberg*.

A REVOLUTION IN EUROPEAN POETRY, by Emery Neff. \$3.00. *Columbia University Press*.

THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF POETRY, by Anne Hamilton. \$2.50. *The Writer, Inc.*

NEW JOURNEY, by Sydney Salt. \$2.00. *James A. Decker*.

FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS. \$2.50. *New Directions*.

THE OPEN FORUM

MARCHING AS TO WAR

SIR: Someone asks, "What has become of the old-time hell-and-brimstone camp meeting exhorter?" The answer probably is, He is reincarnated in Herbert Agar, Editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and author of "The War Is Worth Fighting," in the December *MERCURY*. He has turned to politics. Now, instead of holding up before the shuddering audience a word picture of eternally frying sinners with parched tongues and protruding eyeballs, he holds up Hitler and his crew of goose-steppers ready to pounce upon us and fasten on the chains of ignominious slavery.

Instead of denouncing possession of a deck of cards, or the the-ay-ter, or slumbering passions roused by the embrace of the waltz, Mr. Agar sees sin in prosperity and ignominy and weakness in the seeking of the comforts of life. In short, the old-time religious notion that anything pleasant or comfortable must naturally be sinful, and that the only human who is safe from taint is he who is clothed uncomfortably and feasts on husks and baled hay, finds a modern parallel in the arguments for the entry of the United States into the European war as outlined by the man from Kentucky.

Moreover, Mr. Agar returns to the religious ideas of the Middle Ages when he portrays the damnation bound to overwhelm us should we allow difference of opinion on forms of government to exist anywhere in the world. This was the motive behind the Inquisition, behind the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, behind the fate of the Netherlands under the heel of the Spaniard, behind the Thirty Years' War. Only the people and the priests were deceived into thinking that ruin and bloodshed were required to uphold the kingdom of a Snow-white Lamb and a Just and Righteous God. The rulers merely used the delusions of

the many to further their own land-grabbing and power ambitions.

So now, the economic hymns of 1940 are being intoned to ease the way to power and a monopoly of trade. Why not recognize the machinations of Hitler for what they really are instead of raising a smoke screen of politics? Back in this European quarrel are the guillotine, the knout, the stake with fagots piled about it, the firing squad, the gallows, the dungeon. There are the records of territory acquired because armor, or gunpowder, or rifles, or machine guns prevailed over the frailer weapons of less "civilized" people, in quite the same game Hitler aims to play. Yet the Louisville editor thinks the memory of all this can be wiped out with force where other force has found itself powerless to perpetuate itself beyond the regulation historic cycle. This possibly in the belief that our brand of force has a magic formula which can overcome immutable natural laws.

Someone asserted that what is won by force must be maintained by force, but that which is won by education maintains itself. There is a fair chance that if we could but forget these regimented ideas of making people thrifty, virtuous and submissive by bulldozing methods, and instead seek out some method for making our own democracy work, the example might have an educational effect.

RICHARD B. SWENSON

*Monmouth,
Oregon.*



MERCHANTS OF DEATH

SIR: Robert Aura Smith's "We Can Stop Japan" in a recent issue of the *MERCURY* was especially interesting to me. Whether or not it was just a guess on his part, the following

observation came mighty close to the truth: "The very American ship that hastily evacuated American and British women and children from Hong Kong had very probably unloaded at Yokohama, on the same trip, American war materials to slaughter those same women and children. . . ."

I don't know if you've ever stood on the forward deck of an American ship to watch stevedores unload scrap iron in Japan. An embargo has been clapped down on scrap iron now, but lead, oil and other vital goods are still leaving American ports for Japan's war machine. You don't get a pleasant sensation from the sight when you ponder on the destruction those shipments will soon wreak in China. I had such an experience from the deck of one ship on its September stopover at Kobe, Japan. The derricks were unloading ton after ton of crushed iron from the hold and dropping it into the scows alongside. The strange thing about the incident is that the ship was carrying many Protestant and Catholic missionaries in addition to its main cargo of scrap iron. It struck me as a contradiction that the vessel should be filled with American war materials for Japan, and carrying, at the same time, American missionaries to preach Christ's gospel of peace to China.

Several of the missionaries were watching the unloading. I spoke with one of them who took in the spectacle with tired eyes. He had been under several Japanese bombings in China. He pulled out a cigarette, put it to his lips, and I thought he asked for a match.

"You haven't a bomb, by any chance, have you?" he inquired with a twinkle in his eyes. "If you did, I think we could stage an affair something like a Boston Tea Party. That scrap iron there!" he pointed to the overloaded scows. "That's the junk that will probably be bounced off this noble American sounce before long. It's funny. Life's filled with many contradictions, like this ship. But before I wax eloquent," he smiled, "have you a match? . . ."

ARTHUR KENYON

*Repulse Bay,
Hong Kong.*

IT'S STILL A FALLACY

SIR: I am much interested in your Intellectual Fallacy III in the November *MERCURY*. I quote: "It is only twenty-three years old! The legend is the invention of one R. A. Gregory in a book . . . published in London in 1917."

I find the "silly legend" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Eleventh Edition, Vol. XI, p. 406, published in 1910-11, seven years before the silly legend was invented "by one R. A. Gregory." I also find two school teachers who say it was taught by them in 1870. They are rather elderly ladies, but both greeted the Fallacy statement as a great joke as soon as it was read to them.

E. PAUL DU PONT

*Montchanin,
Delaware.*

GETTING DOWN TO EARTH

SIR: My respects and appreciation to Alan Devoe for his "Sermons in Nature" in your November issue! That's the stuff America needs! No intrigue, no mockery, no idiotic conventions, no warfare, no Rooseveltian "indispensables" — but plain and simple truths concerning life and living told as meaningfully as Alan Devoe tells them. There is oomph and religiousness (not religiosity) in his article, an appeal to sacredness which stirs the mind to understanding and contentment.

And thanks, also, for "What Every Freshman Should Know" and "The Legend of American Invincibility." Hard, truthful advice is sorely needed to make this America not the country (for that Nature has already made) but the nation we want to be proud of.

WILLIAM JACOB

*Willkinsburg,
Pennsylvania.*

COLLEGE EXAMINATION RACKET

SIR: I have just finished reading Irving Burton's article, "College Tutoring Racket," in your December issue, but I can not work

up the same amount of indignation over this "racket," as does Mr. Burton or the average college don. If the tutors do the job they claim to do, why is it a racket? If cramming for examinations is a nefarious practice, eliminate the exams, and presto! There will be no more cramming. If, on the other hand, examinations are necessary as a guide to the amount and quality of work a student has done in his courses, then put the college tutors in the professorial jobs and fire the incumbent teachers, for the tutors prove that they can get consistently better results (which are measured by marks received in examinations) than can the professors. If, however, examinations are not reliable indices to work done, then why have them at all?

As a matter of fact, this last query is the key to the whole cram question. And the responsibility for the entire mess rests squarely on the shoulders of the educational system and the professors thereof. When the modern educators raise a great to-do about cramming, and yell hysterically at your college tutor, they are merely pointing out that their own examinations do not accomplish what they are intended to, and hence are poor and sloppy. It is about time educators woke up to the fact that the greater the number of crammers at a university, the poorer the exams are. A little soul-searching will do the educational system no end of good. A little more care taken in measuring students' abilities will clean the cram system from every American campus. In the last analysis, the tutor is only a louse on the body politic, and one shouldn't blame the louse, but rather the one who carries him.

THOMAS L. JELTRUP

*Palisade,
New Jersey.*

MORTON AND DRESBACH

SIR: This note because I can't remember when I have seen three finer sonnets than David Morton's and Glenn Ward Dresbach's in the November *MERCURY*. I am an admirer of the works of both of them; it is always a joy

to me to come upon them, but especially this time. David Morton is one of the few poets I know who, in my opinion, can do lyrics and sonnets equally well. And I might say that "Bat Chimney" is just about the best thing I have seen from Dresbach's pen. I used the three sonnets as examples of some of the best work being written, at an open forum on poetry in which I took part.

JESSIE FARNHAM

Cincinnati.

A GHOST TALKS

SIR: Thet article, "The Revolt o' th' Ghosts," o' yourn in th' November issue, I nigh missed readin', 'count o' bein' kinda skarry o' ghosts; but after perkin' up a little more courage then be shown by th' American Press (as disclosed in thet editorial on Home Office censored Foreign Correspondents) I read an' enjoyed every goldern word of it; but I be flabbergasted whether ter call th' article truly satirical or satirically true.

FARMER JONES

*Wilton,
Connecticut.*

P.S. F. J. be somewhat ghostly; but as yer can figger from my column in the *Wilton Bulletin*, he don't be shackled.

THE MORMON PULPIT

SIR: I have just enjoyed the thought-provoking article, "Why I Don't Go to Church," by Channing Pollock, as reprinted from your worthy publication in the *Readers' Digest*. It calls attention to a situation which needs more thought, especially on the part of the clergy. But the chief purpose of this letter is to point out one matter on which Mr. Pollock appears to have been misinformed. He writes: "I have occupied pulpits of every denomination except Mormon and Catholic, which bar laymen."

The Mormon church does not bar laymen from its pulpits. Quite the contrary — most of its sermons are preached by laymen, for the church has no paid professional ministry

or clergy. Non-members are often invited to preach, and I feel certain that any Mormon congregation would be most happy to have Mr. Pollock occupy its pulpit.

ROScoe C. COX

*President, Latter-Day Saints
Hawaiian Mission*

Honolulu, T. H.

HARSH WORDS ON EPICURES

SIR: A corking good article deserves to be written on "The Epicure — A Study in Self-deception." A gourmet, to my way of thinking, is a tolerably honest fellow. He at least enjoys hearing himself eat, but an "epicure" primarily likes to hear himself talk. By and large he is what the Spanish call an *embustero* — that is, a bluffer or impostor. Fortunately, he bamboozles only himself and other "epicures" and is reasonably harmless, since he usually pays his own bills.

These cheerful victims of their own humbuggery talk endlessly to each other about grub with high-faluting names — of cloying sauces, of liquid concoctions brewed when the moon is full, of complicated dressings prepared in accordance with some mystic rite. It's all part of a litany that contributes to a feeling of self-induced elation mingled with a peculiar sense of superiority.

You will find, too, that these high priests of the stomach are intimately conversant with the prices of their delicacies. It is axiomatic with them that no food can possibly be fit to eat unless it is high-priced, or unless it is redeemed by other qualities held dear — rarity or an aristocratic name.

I remember one epicurean dinner I attended. I came away with a final sum total that even included the cost of the Corona-Corona. Thrown in for good measure were the prices of the china, silverware and linen. I had figures on everything but the cost of my hostess' dental work.

Not long ago we were treated to what promised to be a gastronomic delight, judged from the standpoint of rarity. A friend out here had gone on a hunting expedition into the wilds of Samar and brought down a boar,

a long-tusked brute of awe-inspiring dimensions. I conjured up visions of a feudal feast — of luscious steaks, and bones thrown to the dogs under the table. The animal was well hung; it was sent to the University Club to be roasted under the special supervision of the Chef. It was basted with two kinds of wine. Finally it was brought on. Now, I can't vouch for the rest of that boar, but the portion to which I was served was as tough as Paavo Nurmi's thigh. The baptism of fire to which it had been subjected, the massagings, all the lavish attentions it had received, had failed dismally to disguise the basic fact that that boar's hind leg was built for use.

There is a significant story about Mark Twain, whose friends always said they couldn't abide his foul cigars. One evening he invited a bunch of them to dinner; but first he called on one of the most discriminating among them and stole some of his expensive Havanas. At coffee he passed these cigars around — the bands had, of course, been removed — and common courtesy obliged his guests to smoke them. If they had been cheroots of the most vulgar brand, those men could not have been more discomfited. They held the cigars as far away from their nostrils as possible, and encouraged them to die. It was a hideous experience — for everyone except Twain. The yarn may be fanciful, but it does point a moral.

F. R. FISHER

Manila, P. I.

JUKES, JOOKS, JOUKS

SIR: I note in your December issue someone holds forth quite vehemently and oracularly on the origin of the word *juke* (or *jook*) as currently employed. My belief is that it is of Scottish derivation, *juke* being a more phonetic spelling of *jouk*, which Webster defines as "a place of retreat or shelter." Most of my forebears were of Scottish extraction and they have made the word, used in this sense, familiar to me all my life.

ROScoe PEACOCK

*North Cohocton,
New York.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM BAYLES recently returned from Germany, where he has been stationed since 1938 as correspondent of American magazines; for five years before that he traveled through Europe, and chiefly Germany, as a free-lance journalist; he is the author of *Caesars in Goosestep*, recently brought out by Harper's.

ROY A. BENJAMIN, JR., is a magazine writer and publicist and a native of Jacksonville, Florida.

MATTHEW BILLER is the twenty-nine-year-old Pasadena postman whose poetry is becoming increasingly familiar to American readers.

EDWIN CORLE writes extensively on the American Southwest, where he has lived and worked for many years; his published works include *Mojave*, a book of stories, a novel of Apache life called *Fig Tree John*, and two other Southwest novels, *People in the Earth* and *Solitaire*. His article in this issue is part of his latest book, a volume in the American Folkways Series being published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

IAGO GALDSTON, M.D., one of the best known American writers on medical subjects for the layman, has just published the book *Progress in Medicine*; he has been associated for the past twenty years with public health and medical education; his home is in New York.

CRADDOCK GOINS, a native of Atlanta, Georgia, has worked on newspapers in all parts of the country; several of his articles have been published by the *MERCURY*.

EARL P. HANSON is a geographer and explorer who writes frequently for lay readers; his travels, on his own and for scientific institutions, have taken him into both the Arctic and tropic regions of the world; for a period he served as research technician for the National Resources Commission in Washington.

RACKHAM HOLT, the widow of the well known writer Guy Holt, is a free-lance magazine contributor.

GREGORY J. LISTON is the pen-name of a newspaperman in the Middle West.

LOUIS PAUL has published both novels and stories. He won first prize in the O. Henry Memorial Award volume in 1934.

JOHN RICHMOND is the author of the portrait studies of Lucius Beebe and Ely Culbertson in the last two issues of the *MERCURY*; he was formerly on the *Literary Digest* staff.

ROGER WILLIAM RIIS, former associate editor of *Collier's*, is the son of Jacob Augustus Riis, the great humanitarian and social worker; he is at present in the public relations business.

CHARLES J. ROLO until recently was associated with the Princeton Listening Center, a project studying the role of radio in wartime; he bases his article in this issue on 4000 broadcasts recorded and analyzed by the project; he was born in Egypt, educated at Oxford and the Sorbonne, and for the last three years has made his home in America.



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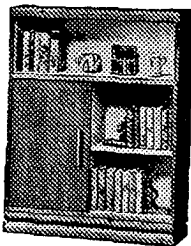
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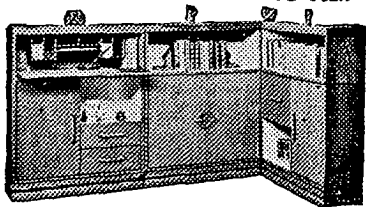
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Schubert — Symphony No. 2, in B Flat (Columbia Album M-420, \$3.50). More Eighteenth Century than pure Schubert, except in the characteristic contours of the melodies; but a fresh and appealing work even in this first, opaque recording of a stiff performance by Howard Barlow and the CBS Orchestra.

Beethoven — Symphony No. 6, in F, "Pastoral," Op. 68 (Victor Album G-20, \$4.00). For four movements the most essentially pastoral of many recorded editions of this symphony conducted by Bruno Walter with serene and lyric grace. The *Shepherds' Thanksgiving* sentimentalized enough to confuse the comparative values of this version and the best of the others, but those are 35 per cent more expensive. The recording, about three years old, of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, is good when reproduced by an apparatus that can cope with the weighted bass.

Mozart — Clarinet Concerto, K 622 (Victor Album M-708, \$4.00). A little of the intensity of Mozart's last years enriches the formal cast of a skillful and diverting concerto, played by Reginald Kell with a lithe, self-possessed and understanding virtuosity that cannot be surpassed. The vigorous accompaniment is by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Malcolm Sargent, and the recording is routinely good.

C. G. B.

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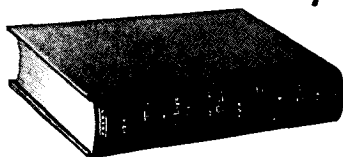
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William Saroyan's new book, **MY NAME IS ARAM** — coming soon — is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.



Franz Werfel's new novel, **EMBEZZLED HEAVEN**, is the Club's December book — a quiet, deeply thoughtful work in an entirely different vein from the exciting *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*.



Willa Cather's new novel, **SAPPHIR AND THE SLAV GIRL**, will also be distributed by the Club soon; scene pre-Civil War Virginia. It is in the mood of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.



Hans Zinsser's book, **AS I REMEMBER HIM**, was a Club choice just prior to his death. If any book deserved its present place, among the top best-sellers in the nation, it is this.



Jan Struther, with **MRS. MINIVER**, is a new author to Americans — instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen last August.



Gontran de Poncins, a Frenchman, has written **KABLOONA**, an extraordinary book about Eskimos — beautifully translated and strikingly illustrated. It too will appear very soon.



Van Wyck Brooks' **NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER**, is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was our judges' choice for last September.

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